# THE COSMOPOLITAN.

From every man according to his ability: to every one according to his needs.

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No. I.



SIGNING PAPERS OF ENLISTMENT ON A DRITISH WAR-SHIP

## THE MAKING OF A BRITISH TAR.

BY BROUGHTON BRANDENBURG.

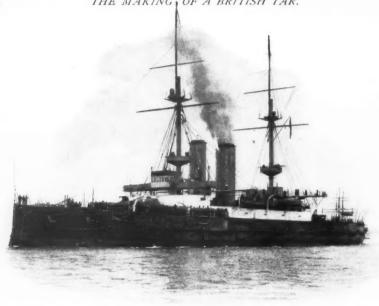
they are really foreign-born and -trained, the British process of turning out a tar the navy of the United States. becomes of consummate interest to all as well because the United States is using very nearly identically the same system as the British for producing men for the navy, and ten years from this time there will be little if any difference.

liberality and individual consideration in or Glasgow. If England, Ireland, Scotboat, a lad from the mines of Colorado or nials of Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, New York, is always more apt in seamanship, and the Indies would easily supply the need.

JHEN it is said that naval statistics gunnery, mechanics and small-arms exershow about twenty per cent, of a cises. To the dirty, unpleasant and exforeign element in the American service, hausting work before the firing ends of the and that this can be very nearly doubled boilers, and trimming coal in the bunkers, so as to include the number who have for the American-born youth takes with very reasons enlisted as American citizens, when ill grace, and there is where the German or Scandinavian finds his opportunity in

Since Great Britain has had a navy, there Americans. Not for this reason alone, but never has been a want of seafaring men to man it. Drake and Nelson are still names with which to work wonders in the fishingvillages of Devonshire, Cornwall and the north-of-Ireland coast, in the merchantmarine centers of Bristol, Swansea, Ports-Of course, there are at all times more mouth, Liverpool, the Hartlepools, Hull American methods, and the raw material, land and Wales were a thousand miles whether it be a boy from an Ohio canal- inland and had no coast, even so the coloa confident imp from the streets of New Brunswick, Australia, India, New Zealand

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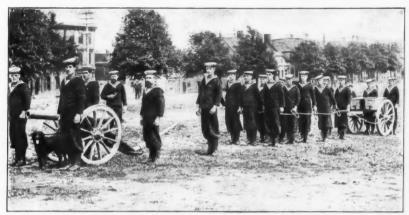
BRITISH FIRST-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP "FORMIDABLE," 15 000 TONS, BUILT IN 1898.

Just as young gentlemen who wish to boy to fill considerably more than an able seaman's place on board a man-o'-war after he has had a little gunnery, and boys who are trained under good officers on big liners are fit to be transferred suddenly to government service. The admiralty knows this full well, and consistently encourages British naval officers in retiring early or taking indefinite leave in order that they may take places as first and second officers in big ships of the merchant marine. officers of English mail-boats, some hundreds in number, should be compiled and forced to display some in self-defense. scanned, it would be found to be largely There are born leaders among them and made up of naval officers.

But for the lad who has the fortune to enter Woolwich and Sandhurst are far be taken into the navy proper, a strange greater in number than the allowances of vista stretches out for the twelve years of his these institutions, so are there more boys service. His country asks him to give the who aspire to become blue-jackets than best years of his life, the years before there are places for them. But the wise thirty, to her, and offers inducements comgovernment is careful to see that the hope- mensurate with the scale of wages in the fuls are turned over, whenever possible, to United Kingdom. No youth, no matter apprenticeships in the great liners, if they how promising intellectually or physically. cannot be got into some sailing-vessel of is taken after his sixteenth year. If he size. Five years in a square-rigger in vari- wants to serve under arms at sea and is ous parts of the world is going to fit a older than that, he may only go to the marines. He can never be a blue-jacket.

The boys are first taken aboard a receivingship, and their pay begins at once at the rate of a few pence per day. After being trained aboard the receiving-ships, which are for the most part old wooden men-o'-war. they are transferred to cruising school-ships in some cases, in others sent to sea in meno'-war.

It is in the training-ship stage that the "hand-work" is the salient feature. To If the list of commanding and navigating begin with, no puny boys come aboard, and those that have not spirit are soon born followers, of course; but it is a



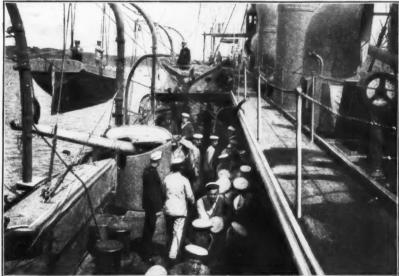
GUN-CREW AND SHORE-GUN FROM THE "INDEFATIGABLE," FLAGSHIP OF THE BRITISH NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON, AT HALIFAX.

strange metamorphosis through which a shy, diffident youngster of fourteen who has never been out of his coastwise county will become a bold, aggressive lad of fifteen, sharp in his wits and with due deference to his superiors, wherein he shows that he knows "wat end o" the bleedin' gun to eve."

The life of an officer aboard a trainingship is not that of a Sunday-school teacher

with a small class of girls. He must know when to bear down with a heavy hand and when to make allowance for young spirits. No matter how experienced he may be, he can never hope to be as keen and discerning as the boys are inventive. They can always go him one or two tricks better.

One lad, not more than twelve when he joined the receiving-ship in the Thames,



BERTHING A WAR-SHIP AT THE DOCK; TIGHTENING UP THE HAWSER.

soon earned a reputation for general ability and likelihood, mixed with abnormal deviltry. One time, as punishment for his misdemeanors, he was given over to the officers' servant to help do "boots," et cetera, for a fortnight in addition to his usual apprentice duties. The captain was congratulating himself that he had little Edwardes too busy at last to think up trouble-making schemes, but he had mis-



SAILOR AND MARINE, SHOWING RESPECTIVE ACCOUTERMENTS.

counted trumps. Edwardes' punishment, a retired admiral, were coming aboard to tea. Edwardes boy to come down. their dress-boots at 4:15 in order to preboot a small bit of cotton waste, just enough to prevent the officer's foot from getting in. When the officers awoke from their afternoon naps to dress, the result can be imagined. Each thought "boots" had given him some other man's shoes. The puzzled servant tried to exchange the boots properly, but succeeded only in really mixing them up. The "old man," as the commanding officer aboard is called, was roaring with fury. He had tried on every pair twice without getting any he receive them!

a training-ship lying off Progresso not his own clothes, and a thousand other

long ago. He had been caught stealing some detonators to be used in his own private amusement later on, and as a punishment was sent up to the crosstrees about three o'clock in the afternoon and told to stay there till called down. Sorrowful to relate. the executive officer forgot all about him. A norther began to blow about nine that evening, and the vessel was riding poorly. Some one asked

The second day of about the boy, and the executive officer, looking up, could just see a small black some other officers and a number of ladies bundle in the royals. He shouted to the There was no answer knew that the ship's officers would want and the bundle did not stir. He paid no heed to the cries of others, and at last sent themselves on deck punctually at the chief rigging-instructor went up to 4:30. He carefully put in the toe of each see what was the matter. He found the culprit fast asleep in the howling gale one hundred and twenty feet above the deck!

On the theory that, while the knowledge of how to make sail, to refit all deck gear, to steer for and to the wind, and to do everything in the way of rigging, is not necessary on board a steam war-boat, the training of a sailor is the best in the world to give quickness and accuracy of hand and eye, steadiness of nerve and foot; and to make squads of men mobile under could wear, when there came the ominous direction, the boy is taught how to do all sound of the boatswain piping the first sorts of work in wire, rope and canvas; guests over the side. Not an officer to to take hand-lead and deep-sea soundings; how to take steering commands; how to Another small rascal created a stir aboard man, lower and pull boats; how to make to know.

Soon the thin wrists broaden, the slender neck grows brown and thick, the shoulders take on breadth and solidity and the gait loses any shamble or uncertainty it may have had, and having passed from the state of second-class to first-class boy, the impatient lad longs for the time when he can get away to sea. The fittest go first, and if they are counted as they go it will be found that there are many missing from the number of the raw lot first taken in hand. The vacancies have been made by those who have fallen short in requirements, mentally, physically or in behavior, and have been discharged or have grown restless and deserted.

From boy to man is the change of a minute. One comes on deck as a first-class boy drawing tenpence a day for average rating, hears an order read and goes below an ordinary seaman in the British navy.

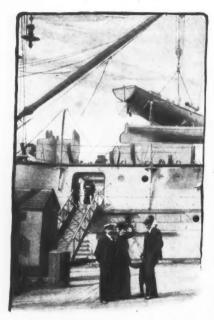
In the matter of pay, it is progression from that time on. It all depends on his rating, and his promotion depends on his ability and conduct; so it is hard to strike an average. I have seen a man of

things which are good for all seagoing men thirty, in fine physical trim, in his fourteenth year in the service but rated only as able seaman and drawing but nineteen dollars a month; and some months ago I met in the navy-yard in Halifax the chief gunnery instructor of H. M. S. "Retribution." He had just drawn his pay and showed it to me; in amount it was sixty-eight dollars and forty-three cents. There are hundreds such as he in the British navy, and each in his special line is an expert. This particular man, so an officer from H. M. S. "Tribune" informed me, knows more about gunnery than any other man in the fleet, from Admiral Sir Archibald Douglas down to the newest boy.

By a careful sifting process, the young men are got into the work for which they are best fitted. One youth may be best for signal work and so becomes a "buntingtosser," another may be a proper subject for the tender care of "Chips," as the carpenter is dubbed, while yet another can do his best work in the stokehold. Wherever he is best placed, he ultimately finds his way there and he rises therein in rating. Promotion is not sudden, is never



DIVERS, WITH THEIR PUMP AND OTHER GEAR. FROM THE NAVY-YARD AT HALIFAX.



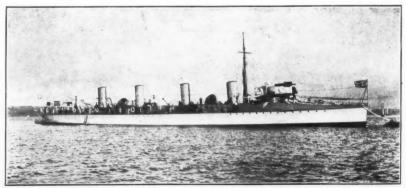
VISITORS' DAY, WHEN A WAR-SHIP LOOKS ALMOST PEACEABLE.

due to any ulterior political influence, and is never undeserved. A man living month in and month out in the same ship cannot long deceive the officers thereof as to his qualifications. If the best place for him is outside the navy, he gets outside, usually by the process of encouraged desertion. It is a matter of regret that a very considerable portion of these "bad men," as they are called, find their way to the American

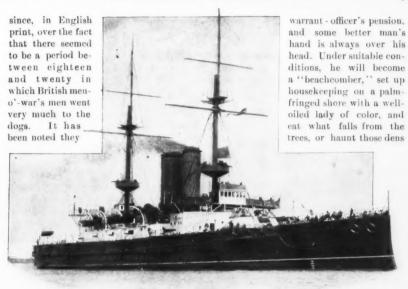
navy. Of course, some of them are refused as suspected British deserters, but the methods of evading the suspicion of naval recruiting-officers are well known in every ship of the British navy, for the good pay and greater liberties are a postgraduate objective never lost sight of, no matter on what station British Jack is. Of course, if a man is a deserter, he cannot show a clean record as a blue-jacket, so he merely "borrows" the papers of some mercantilemarine sailor, American-born or naturalized, and enlists under his name. There is a place in Cherry Street in New York where a man can get a new name, and a new record in the shape of "V. G." discharges, for from two to five dollars. The name is usually that of a dead man, or some "hard-up" who has parted with his papers for something to drink and eat. When the deserter is duly enlisted, he returns the papers and gets a rebate.

One evening while the fleet—war-ships and transports—of the Santiago expedition was lying in Tampa, I chanced into a hot, noisy wine-shop in a sandy street in Ybor City, and found there thirty-some liberty men who were breaking their leave. There was a flow of many founts, for the Third Ohio had been paid and was patriotically spending its money on the navy. When tongues were loosened, I counted twelve men of that thirty who avowed their British birth, and one was a gun-captain. All were supposedly American citizens. As to their language—no one could have drawn a dividing line.

There was a great hubbub some time



TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER "QUAIL," ONE OF THE SWIFTEST CRAFT AFLOAT



BATTLE-SHIP "CANOPUS," 12,950 TONS, BUILT IN 1897.

training, and in many ways to turn to naught all that had been done to cry that the men were overworked as boys, institution and exactions on the modern man-o'-war too severe. Two or three pointed letters from experienced naval men soon silenced this babel. The truth is that at that age foolish Jack begins his shorewise dissipations in strange ports, and is soon much the worse off therefor. to get a few sound trouncings on shore, and perhaps leave the imprint of his knuckles where it will do good. He will probably spend all his pay and turn a few dishonest tricks to meet deficits. He will learn that all men are not his enemies because he happens to be drunk, and after his officers and the older men are through with him and his wild-oats harvest, it will the more spare time he has. not be hard to tell whether he is worth any is meant only for the deserving. If he is better, there have been few men who were found wanting, he is left to drift, and he not married. In due course, after his may drift along with the others or he may cruises abroad. Jack comes to home drift away from them, but he never gets a station, and if he has not been writing

often broke down in their physical of vice and crime in strange ports where men such as he was once will supply all his wants, intentionally or unintentionmake them efficient. There was a general ally, because he can talk navy-English and join in the "lower-deck" songs. that the training-ship was an outdated In all of the out-of-the-way corners of this world one will find men who are dodging the responsibilities of civilization; they may never have been sailors, they may now be planters or missionaries nominally, but they are "beachcombers" nevertheless.

If the best influences prevail and Jack weathers the time of stress, then begins the It is a critical period for him. He is sure time of fruition of all the earlier labors. He becomes a petty officer of second class, perhaps first class, and eventually a warrantofficer and-a coveted distinction-he may have a big gun given over to his care. His pay is steadily increased with his rating, and in addition he may have some small business on the side to occupy his spare time, for the higher he is rated

Out of many groups of officers that I more of the precious "hand-work" which have known rated petty second-class or



LOADING A SIX-POUNDER, ON A GUNBOAT.

lass in the old home town, he has found one elsewhere and he marries. The time was when ships' captains performed the ceremonies for their men, but that is one of the many, many quaint things lapsed into the history of the navy. One of the survivals is the procedure in paying off, when Jack always gets his money on his hat. Under no circumstances will he take it from the paymaster's hands.

Being married, his wife and family follow him from home station to colonial station and even to foreign station, and it is not at all unusual for the pair to set up a sailors' lodging-house, a tobacco-shop or some other small business; and in that case, when his time is up, Jack is engulfed in civil life as a small tradesman, with a tidy subsidy from the government in the shape of a pension.

He will never escape from the beneficial effects of regular life aboard ship and the systematic exercise and work. He will always be the drilled man, and will shape his life-habits and the habits of all about him thereto.

No one not initiated can understand how there can be so much manual labor aboard

letters long ere this to some bright-eyed of two or three hundred men. From "up hammocks" to "down hammocks" there is duty of some sort for the duty-men, and during a large portion of that time for both port and starboard watches. One of the occasional duties, one that is thoroughly detested by both officers and men, is coaling ship. Usually this means putting aboard from docks or lighters the blocks of Cardiff coal used by the navy, and, as Jack says, "ut's got a onpleasant way wid ut."

A favorite drill is with the old ninepounders or the new Piel guns, when an officer will take a squad of men and lead them in a rush on some imaginary mob about to overwhelm some imaginary consulate. The men drag the heavy gun by hand, and when their wind is all gone the officer finds a nice hot corner in which to unlimber and load and fire, et cetera; but they go back to ship with appetites that the king himself might envy.

A battle-ship, if her career be of due length, will, before she ends, have used up her own weight in paint and patience. When there is nothing else to be done, there is always an abundance of holystoning and painting. All of the small boat gear, from steam-cutter to jolly-boat, is a a small war-ship to engage the attention source of great vexation, and there is a

saying that the boats make Jack strong. At least, they make great demands on his strength. Pulling them about a harbor in a hot sun, or rowing in from an anchorage with a nasty jobble running, is not the most fun in the world, but it is like spending money that has been found compared with heaving them on board by hand and stowing them, with the steam-winches fore and aft singing their own song of idleness. Jack thinks it is strange that an officer should desire him to heave on an eightinch line until he can't see for perspiration, when the winches could do the work just as well as not. But it is only a very short-rated boy who ever wonders why officers think so differently from what most common-sense people do. Experienced Jack has long since ceased to ponder the matter.

Drill is another matter. It is a common affliction shared with marines, and no matter whether it be rapid-fire or big gun, cutlass or landing-party, the fact that it seems to be in line with his prime object, to fight for his country if he gets a chance, is enough for Jack. He is extravagantly fond of firing practise, especially if he is a gun-captain or is under a good one who can make a fine score.

One can always tell a true British mano'-war's man by the way in which he gets out of a hammock. He comes out feet first, in an assured manner that is hard to acquire. The Spanish-American and Anglo-

Indian of the hammock habit usually puts one leg or one hand out first.

One day, on board H. M. S. "Terrible," I was visiting a mess on the lower deck when dinner was being served. had been the clatter of getting the messboard ready, and the tins and ware out, filled and distributed, and big Esdale had just taken his place with a true, hearty A.B.'s smile of anticipation on his face, when his eve fell on the meat and "spuds" just set before him. The potatoes had a hard, watery look, and the meat, which doubtless had been a fine piece of fresh beef before it went to the galley, appeared boiled dry. It met a fork attack with stubborn, rubbery resistance; then Esdale looked up and said, gravely:

"Mate, did you knaw 'ell 'ad a beck door?" I signified I did not, and asked what made him think so.

" 'Ow else did our cook get out?"

All the mess agreed that that was where sea-cooks must come from.

A fine example of a nation's conservation of its military resources is found in the British colonial naval reserve. Each year there are taken aboard the "Calypso," or some similar vessel in the ports of Newfoundland or other maritime province of Canada, hundreds of raw fishermen from the Newfoundland bankers, the Labrador schooners and coastwise whalers. They are first-class sailors, and all they need to make them good men-o'-war's men is a



MARINES DRILLING ON SHORE



H. M. S. "WHITING," 330 TONS, BUILT IN 1896, A TYPICAL BRITISH TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER.

little drill. They get this aboard the school-ships lying in port. in the idle season, and when they have been given the necessary preparatory instruction they are taken aboard vessels of the North Atlantic fleet and go on the winter cruise in the West Indies. The same thing is going on in all other parts of the world where there are British possessions. The men come back trained blue-jackets, but return to civilian pursuits, peaceable fishermen and merchant-sailors, yet a great drilled body ready for the nation's call.

One evening, a very few years ago, I was standing on a small causeway above the yacht-club in Kiel, when I noticed two blue-jackets, apparently from some one of the British men-o'-war lying in the harbor, retreating carefully from twenty or more German man-o'-war's men. Something struck one of the two fugitives. As he staggered on under a light, I saw he was only a fresh-faced boy. His companion dragged him to a house door, opened it, shoved him in and then faced the assailants.

Evidently, the ever-prevailing bad feeling between men of the two navies had broken out and the odds were frightfully against the Britisher. It was one against twenty,

but one blow was just enough for each one as they came, and as he dealt smashing defense right and left they went down before him like straw men.

Not long ago, I was in the Brooklyn Navy Yard and saw the doughty tar again, this time in the uniform of an American able seaman! I was talking with the captain of a British tramp, also a visitor in the yard at the time, and I hastily told him the story and pointed out the hero of it, at work in a detail transferring stores.

"And what do you suppose he is doing in the American navy?" I asked.

"Why, that is simple. His twelve years up in the British service, he enlists over here like many another, for the sake of getting the high pay and easy times under the stars and stripes. Here, you two men."

The handy man with his fists, and one other, were passing us, and stopped at this request. The merchant captain caught them by the hands, pushed up their sleeves and showed on one's arm a complete British naval ensign in tattoo, and on the other man a lion rampant. But the man with the ensign had the American eagle on his other arm and the British lion was flanked by crossed American flags.

"You can trust them," said the captain, as he pointed to the emblems, "for

they are British imperial hand-made and hall-marked, by George!"



## THE TRAINING OF A GERMAN ACTRESS.

BY GRACE ISABEL COLBRON.

to assert that the German actress who is working creature in existence. And yet her preparatory studies before entering on a professional engagement are so very

of it so easily, that when we meet her again after some years of provincial work we are surprised-that is, if we are firm believers in the efficacy of dramatic trainingschools-at the authority and finish. the reliable versatility, of her acting. German managers say, "One can learn to speak before taking engagement, but that is all that dramatic training. schools can do for the actor: all the rest must be learned on the stage itself." This would be a dangerous doctrine for the American theater, where three or four years' work might teach a novice nothing more than the lines of one part;

but, the German theatrical system being are one or two leading artists who do company system, with constantly varying repertoire of all the classic and favorite modern plays, is the only system that will make a reliable actor of a mediocre talent. With this system, schools are good, but they are lence of the rank and file of the profession.

HE life of the conscientious stage artist of dramatic art in a country, not the is nowhere an easy one, yet it is safe exceptional brilliancy of a few star players.

Reliable team-work is what the German fairly successful is about the most hard- theatrical system achieves, but it is won by a strain of work on the individual which is tremendous. And where it is a question of equal professional labors, it is always the light, she and every one else take that part woman on whom the strain tells most, for

there are so many other duties incumbent upon her, which the man somehow seems to escape.

To understand this strain, the system of things theatric in Germany must be made clear to American readers in those points where they differ from American stagedom. And this difference extends nearly all along the line. Long runs are very rare, being found only occasionally at some minor house in a large city which also possesses a number of other theaters.

The German star travels alone, never with his or her ensemble, and plays as "guest" with the regular company everywhere.



MARIANNE WULFF.

what it is, the German manager is not take regular engagement, but spend quite right in his assertion. The stock- the entire season going in this way from theater to theater; but as a rule, the "guest" is the lead of some big city theater who takes a month's or six weeks' leave in the winter to gain a wider fame. Every little town, as well as not indispensable; without it, they can do every large city, has its own theater, built nothing toward raising the average excel- and supported by the town, at which a regular stock company gives a round of And this last is what makes up the standard all the favorite classics and modern hits



TILLI WALDEGG.



ANNA VON HOCHENBURGER.

every season. The theater is usually the handsomest building in the town, and the board of directors, composed of the city fathers and other leading citizens, chooses the manager among those bidding for the place, and gives him a stated subsidy toward the expenses of the season. season varies from an all-year engagement, with four weeks' summer vacation, in large cities, to a five months' engagement in the smaller towns. Villages of under ten thousand inhabitants usually share the expense of the theater with the neighboring townlet, the company playing two or three nights a week in each place. The small houses engage their ensemble by the season only; the large centers give from one- to five-year engagements. You are never engaged in Germany for a play, but always for a season, or more, as the case may be. You do not engage for a part, but for a "Fach," a line of parts. The restricted audiences, and the subscription method of ticket-selling, necessitate a constant change of bill. The classical plays are usually given one performance, or at the most two performances, each. Naturally, rehearsals cannot be many or thorough; and yet, as the ensemble in such places is small, every one has to work to the limit of his or her strength and time. The Juliet or the Lady Macbeth of one night may stand in the first line of the chorus for a comic opera the next, or, in cap and apron, bring in a letter for a modern play. You do not engage as lead proper, but as "Fach" lead, more of which anon. After four or five years of this sort of work, it can be readily seen that, if the actress' health has stood the strain, she is a finished, reliable artist, even if her talent be but small.

This provincial experience is about the only systematic training given the great mass of German actresses, and it is the only training that counts. As for the preliminary schooling, it rather astonishes one to find that in a country where opportunities for learning of every kind are so highly organized and so generously supported by the authorities, there is not one subsidized institution for dramatic training. Max Grube, the able and energetic stagemanager of the Berlin Royal Theater, has begun in a small way with a school which he wishes to model after the Paris

The Emanuel Reicher Royal Theater. speaker on the German stage, is another fired with an ambition for the higher forms

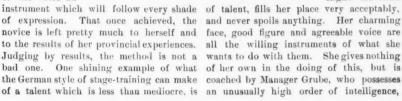
new and promising Berlin institution, and the only one which gives an occasional trial performance of the pupils in a city house. One or two other teachers in Berlin have won so many pupils by the excellence of their training. that they can almost be said to have founded schools, although the organization is very loose, and all depends upon the personality of the teacher him-This exself. hausts the list of regular schools, although there are many other good dramatic teachers all over Germany.

The best dramatic teachers in Germany lay most stress on the cultivation of the voice. The aim is to make of the voice an

instrument which will follow every shade of talent, fills her place very acceptably, of expression. That once achieved, the and never spoils anything. Her charming novice is left pretty much to herself and face, good figure and agreeable voice are to the results of her provincial experiences. all the willing instruments of what she Judging by results, the method is not a wants to do with them. She gives nothing bad one. One shining example of what of her own in the doing of this, but is the German style of stage-training can make coached by Manager Grube, who possesses

Conservatoire. But all the state support he shown by the work of Frau Anna von has as yet won for it, is that the pupils are Hochenburger, who for some years now has taken on as volunteer figurantes in the played a certain kind of lead in the Royal Theater in Berlin. In her very youthful Dramatic School, founded and managed by days, this actress was a member of the Reicher himself, who is the best modern ballet school in Meiningen, but became

of the drama. She asked Baron Chronegk, the manager, to try her. He heard her speak what she had learned, then grunted, "Go back to the ballet, child; you haven't a spark of talent." The story goes further that the plucky girl answered, "Never mind, your Excellency, I'll get there: I have a classic profile." Which is true. But she had also pluck, determination and the power to profit by just what the German training gives so well, the thorough knowledge of one's handiwork, routine and assurance. For several years now this beautiful woman has been in the height of her career, and with really a very slight modicum





GERALDINE FARRAR.

work hard, she can attain to a good Fach. position and really become acceptable with system makes a lot of very useful "filling"

talent profits in proportion.

But to return to our student and her preliminary work. Let us take the case of a girl who is not of a theatrical family-for naturally one who is of such a family comes into herkingdom very much easier and by different methods from those demanded of outsiders.

Our stagestruck maiden goes, as a rule, to some actress who has made a name and

whom she admires, and asks for advice and instruction. Of course, she must at first endure a little sermonizing on the awful hardships and pitfalls of a stage career-stage people are alike in that respect the world over. But if she persists and is taken on as a pupil, the teacher, if she knows her work, starts in on business principles at once. The student is first asked what "Fach" she has chosen; and if-which is not

and superior dramatic ability, hampered in likely, however-this expression is new to his case by disadvantages of personal ap- her, she is asked what parts most appeal pearance. So then, if the student but to her, and the teacher then names the

This matter of Fach is a very important very little talent. The great actress is thing in German theaterdom, and the power born, not made, but the German theatrical it wields is one of the drawbacks of an otherwise excellent system, for too much material out of a hopeless lack of talent Fach and Fach-tradition tend to deaden or personal charm. Naturally, the true personality altogether. The Fach is the

line of parts which must naturally be marked in a stock company, as is any other division of labor apportioned in a business house. If you engage as lead in a certain Fach, you have a right to all the big rôles in that Fach, but vou are also obliged to know them all, to have them letterperfect, costumed, and ready to play on one rehearsal if necessary. And, as mentioned before, even if you are lead,



MARIE SULNA.

it is only for a certain Fach; you have no right to big rôles of another Fach. You may play Mary Stuart and Lady Macbeth, but you must be Lady Capulet to the "sentimental lead's" Juliet, or Emilia to her Desdemona; and both you and she take a back seat, which means a small part, while the plays are on that give the ingénue her innings.

The student's choice of a Fach must be

latter be in the least extreme. The effectively. quality of the voice means a great deal, too, for each Fach has its distinctive in- place the voice properly there where the tonation and manner of speaking. It is vocal cords are relieved of unnecessary quite a favorite exercise for dramatic strain, and will then stand the wear and teachers to have their pupil repeat any one tear of hard work.

verse in different Fach methods:-

As the tragic lead; As the sentimental lead:

As the ingénue; In modern conversational tone.

A sharp distinction is made also between modern and classical speaking. This is where the main split comes in between the two German schools of acting, which are now roughly classified as the Viennese or declamatory school, and the North German or modern style. But even such authoritative modern speakers as Emanuel Reicher acknowledge that the old declamatory style of verse-work rounds out the voice as nothing else can, and his pupils speak verse for months before they are given a line of prose to The modern learn. school aims also at perfect verse-speaking, but in what is

known as the modern style. everywhere the German dramatic teacher known as "Salondame" tôles as well, gives the student a good grounding these being the tragic heroine in modern in verse-speaking, constant experience of acting in classic of elegance and fashion who is a figure plays, makes the German actress, as a in all German comedies. This Fach is rule, an excellent and reliable verse- the most arduous, and requires a greater speaker. Helene Odilon is one of the line of parts, and a greater outlay for

largely determined by her appearance, if the ling German actress who cannot speak verse

The first thought of a good teacher is to Then all registers are

rounded out, while the one most necessary for the Fach is particularly strengthened. best teachers do all this before the student is taught to "speak," as declamatory exercises are of very little use without the proper knowledge and control of the voice as an instrument. When this is done, and localisms and dialect blemishes eliminated, then come some speaking exercises and then the study of parts begins-not of all and any parts, but of "Fach parts." For the German training is very businesslike, in that it prepares the student in one or two years at the most for a provincial engagement in a certain Fach.

In smaller theaters, the tragic lead, who is practically leading lady, as far as there is one, because she draws the

So that largest salary, has to play what are which, with the plays, and the superior, well-dressed woman very few instances to be found of a lead- costumes, than any other. The most



FRAU SAUER.



MARIE REISENHOFER.

important modern part for the tragic lead is Sudermann's Magda, although the old stand-by Camille is played occasionally.

stand-by Camille is played occasionally.

The "sentimental lead" must know such Schiller parts as Louise Miller. Goethe offers her Gretchen in "Faust," and Clärchen in "Egmont"; and of the good Shakespeare parts, Juliet, Desdemona, Ophelia and Viola are exclusively hers. The ingénue gets her innings mainly in the modern repertoire. If the novice plays a trial three times in any theater, as a bid for an engagement or after a tentative engagement, she must appear in some of these distinctively Fach parts, as she is to be engaged for that particular Fach. And as almost the entire classical repertoire is ready for instant use in any German theater of standing, even down to the smallest, any of them may be chosen for her experiment.

In the summer theaters, at the wateringplaces, light comedies and operettas are the stand-bys, which give the novice an excellent training in modern conversation and the rapid-fire play of farce teamwork. The very smallest theaters are considered merely stepping-stones on the histrionic pathway, and not until a city like Cologne or Bremen is reached does the novice care to remain more than one season. In cities of this size the cast is larger, so that there is not quite so much opportunity for each one, but the entire establishment is of a higher grade, and two or even more seasons there are of great help in the artistic development of the actress. Theaters of this stamp are watched by the metropolitan agents and by the managers of houses in the big cities, and a name gained there is likely to lead to the coveted prize of a metropolitan engagement.

There is no doubt that one can find a far greater number of striking personalities of greater artistic stature among the men of the German stage than among the women. This is true of all grades, among the well-known stars and in the rank and file. A history of the great names and real talents of the German stage would give woman but a second place. The German woman, as a rule, lacks a definite individuality and that magnetism which raises one above the mass. She lacks initiative, and even in the interpretative artist initiative is an important thing. But her good qualities, her submission to discipline and tradition,



HELENE ODILON.

her power to learn patiently and thoroughly and to do as she is told, make of her, with the excellent training that the German theatrical system gives her, an efficient, Her intelligence and reliable actress. mental equipment have been developed by the kind of plays in which she acts, and she can learn, and does learn, to become the willing, submissive instrument of interpretation of the thought of a great poet. This is considerable of itself, and in Germany, at least, there are many who think this the highest artistic power that a woman should or can reach. But while it is recognized that the German stage has no women to match with its brightest stars. complaints are heard that the present generation of actresses is far below the standard of the last. Names like Charlotte Wolter, Marie Seebach, Hedwig Niemann-Raabe, find no successors, and when the lastnamed, the only one of the great trio still alive, occasionally appears in a charity performance, the present generation has a chance to see and be told what it lacks.



ILONA SPERI



SOPHIE WACHNER.

But the present is a time of transition for the German stage as for everything else in the art world. Methods and traditions are changing, and such an epoch is never productive of great talent. There are some very acceptable talent and charming personalities among the better-known German actresses of to-day, and some, perhaps, which a future generation may find worthy of a place among the elect.

In smaller towns, one theater has to supply the entire range of dramatic needs, but in a city like Berlin each house can have its specialty. This allows of a greater specializing among the actors, and brings many a talent to the fore in its own particular line, which could not shine in the Fach limits of the province.

The Royal Theater, the Schauspiel-haus, lays most stress on its magnificent classic performances, which thus provide the rôles in which its ensemble is usually seen. Rosa Poppe, the tragic lead, is an actress of long experience, immense fire and temperament, and possesses a rich, full voice. She has ambitions toward lighter modern rôles, but her impersonations of the big classic parts, Medea, Sappho, Judith, still remain the best she does.

The Royal Theater possesses in Anna

and Wilma von Mayburg for modern rôles parts, the Ibsen characters, roughly so being most notable-are worth considera-called-the "new woman," as the new tion. The Residenz Theater, which cannot writers portray her. A power of represcall itself of the first rank, because it gives sion, fine artistic discretion, and an abso-

runs of two months or so, and plays translations of the latest French farces. has yet had among its force, past and present, some excellent names. It wins consideration through its occasional matinées of ultra-literary plays, and through the performance, between farces, of some French play of greater literary merit. Marie Reisenhofer is the leading lady there at present. This actress, one of the most beautiful women on the German stage, was at one time considered a highly promising talent for a certain line of modern parts. She has not kept this promise, but has routine, dash and go, and a certain sense of humor, which, with her ability to

eminently acceptable in her present position.

The Deutsches Theater, with its distinctively modern repertoire of Ibsen, Sudermann, Hauptmann, Schnitzler and Dreyer, Bertens, Louise Dumont and the latest dis- actresses.

Schramm about the best "funny old covery, Irene Triesch, as well as the spewoman" that the German stage can show, cialist Elsa Lehmann, are some of the more and a group of younger actresses-Sophie notable names for this list. This style of Wachner for classic "sentimental parts" actress makes a specialty of the modern

lute lack of anything like declamation or rant, are the first essentials for this style of acting. Helene Odilon, beautiful, charming, dashing, giftedbut insincere, say the critics-was for some time a notable figure among German actresses. But this charming woman has been steadily losing ground of late, owing to her predilection for plays with "star" rôles, rather than plays of value in themselves, and if she recovers from her present illness, she will find it hard to regain the position she once had. Teresina Gessner, the wife of the Berlin favorite Otto Somerstorf, is a sweet and attractive personality, an actress of the older school who holds her own with a large



WILMA VON MAYBURG.

wear handsome gowns well, render her circle of admirers more by force of this personality, and by her reliable artistic discretion, than because of any great genius.

As for Vienna, it has the eccentric Adele Sandrock, and the "Old Guard of the Hofbrings to the fore the distinctively modern burg".—Stella Hohenfels—in the lead, but talents, and a new style of actress which apart from this Vienna has no great perbelongs to the past decade or two. Rosa sonality to show among present - day



FRONT VIEW OF THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER OR THE SUN, ERECTED BY THE EMPEROR ANTONINUS PIUS, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SECOND CENTURY A.D.

### THE RUINS OF BAALBEK.

BY DULANY HUNTER.

perished so utterly that there are only a few stones standing to tell us of their attainments in art and science. Though Tyre, "Mistress of the Sea," sank into the Mediterranean with her purple wrapped about her, she has left us only a royal name to remember, for her treasures were consumed in the fires which the Greeks lighted to proclaim her abdication of sovereignty. Sidon, too, the mother-city, has bequeathed nothing to posterity save a few archaic cave-tombs long since tenantless. Carthage has fallen so low that commerce of the world. even her ruins are now but memories. scattered so profusely along the sea from commanders. Upon them and upon the Pillars of Hercules, the influence of remain to mankind forever much of the the hardy race which planted them has glamour of the East. Even the cargoes completely disappeared. But in the ruins that they carried were things which the of Baalbek a cyclopean work yet bears world still counts its luxuries-precious witness to the greatness to which they stones and finely woven tissues from India

HE civilization of the Phenicians has attained as builders-it is the enclosing wall of the Acropolis, upon which the Romans long afterward raised one of the grandest temples with which they ever decorated a conquered province.

> Great indeed is our surprise to find a splendid memorial of Phenician power so far inland, accustomed as we are to think of this vanished people as living always within hearing of the sea, first on the Persian Gulf, then on the Eastern coast of the Mediterranean, whence they sent forth their armies of colonists to capture the

The world has never seen such sailors, And from the Phenician colonies, once and no seafaring men have ever had such the western coast of Asia Minor to the triremes under their command there will

tic excellence, though originally borrowed from them; and dved stuffs of colors which are reckoned to-day suitable only for princes to wear at their festivals.

Such were the commodities they exchanged with the rude peoples of Europe for gold and silver, tin and amber, which they amassed in such profusion in their cities that their very name became a synonym for luxury, so that, one after another, the prophets of Israel rose up in their simple mountain country and denounced them for their vanity.

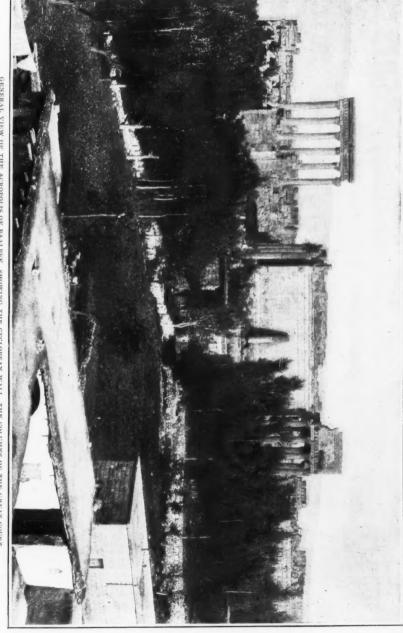
But this sea-loving people who taught the Greeks and Romans the most they ever knew of seamanship, who undertook to sail around the continent of Africa in the interests of a King of Egypt, and who, even after they had lost their complete independence as a nation, furnished a splendid fleet to their suzerain, the King of Persia, to resist the mighty Alexander, had other routes of trade than those which they had traced upon the waters, and these gigantic stones among the ruins of

and Persia; glassware, enamels and elegant Baalbek marked, perhaps, the last station potteries from old Egypt; articles of their on their eastern frontier. From here the own manufacture surpassing the products road lay past the desert kingdom of Palof those countries both in finish and in artis- myra to India and Persia, but we know not at what epoch they were raised nor the purpose for which they were intended -whether they were the foundations of a citadel or merely hedged in a mountain upon whose bare crest they worshiped the moon and stars by night, and in the daytime Baal-the sun-when he had risen high in the heavens and threw a track of glory down the lurid cliffs along the western side of the Valley of the Litany. so crude and intensely brilliant that they could liken it to no scene that had been vouchsafed to them to witness in all the cosmic beauty of the world.

Little do we know of this mighty structure, still called "the enclosing wall" -nothing save that its giant monoliths of granite, some more than sixty feet in length by twenty in depth and thickness, once girdled a stronghold of the Phenicians; for the recorded history of Baalbek commences only after that hardy race had vanished from the land and seas, when Tyre and Sidon were in ruins, Carthage fallen from her high estate, Greece conquered,



PERISTYLE OF THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER. THE COLUMNS ARE FORTY-FIVE FEET IN HEIGHT.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE ACROPOLIS OF BAALBEK, SHOWING THE CYCLOPEAN WALL, THE COLUMNS OF THE GREAT COURT OF THE PANTHEON, AND THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER OR THE SUN.



PORTAL OF THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER, FROM THE INTERIOR. THE FIGURE OF THE MAN AT THE LEFT GIVES AN IDEA OF THE MASSIVE CONSTRUCTION.

Antoninus Pius, the last of the great adopthill a great temple; and its stupendous ruins are those which we behold to-day.

The builders of Antoninus, like the builders of Solomon, in order to make the approach to his temple the more imposing, raised the portico upon a mighty substructure and threw a splendid sweep of stairs from it to the plain below. But that broad and noble stairway has been entirely destroyed, and we now reach the ruined portico through the gloomy passages of the great underbuilding.

The twelve columns of the portico have fallen, the rich carvings of its frieze are now defaced, statues are no longer standing tion of the details of ornamentation in the square chambers of the towerlike buildings at either side where deftly century of our era, when Rome had become chiseled pilasters and niches are slowly

Rome mistress of the world, and her ruins we can fancy that the entrance to subjects prosperous and content in the this magnificent temple has seldom been enjoyment of a universal peace. Then surpassed in majesty. Then we pass into a spacious hexagonal court. Here, too, ive emperors, commenced upon the lofty the hand of the destroyer has fallen so heavily that there is hardly left the shadow of the former beauty of the place, only a few fragments of the lower walls and some lovely shell-shaped niches facing one another sadly across the deserted pavement, more than two hundred feet away.

Next comes the great entrance-court of the temple, so vast that we are bewildered by its dimensions, and, standing among the fallen stones of a basilica which the Christians erected in the center, we can remark but the splendid outlines of the great pilasters, exadræ and niches which enclose it, and it is only upon closer inspecthat we realize it was finished in the third degenerate and her decadence was marked crumbling into dust; but even amid the upon every stone that she set up throughout

the length and breadth of her crum- and frieze, towers high above a wilderness bling provinces. Then the majestic form of fallen stones which once formed the feel that to him and to his architects we all the gods of the City of the Sun, and owe the splendid conceptions of these surrounded by a peristyle of fifty columns, noble buildings, while the execution of the besides the noble group yet left for our details was left to the feeble hands of the beholding, and beautiful with the deadly unworthy men who came after them.

ourselves before yet more majestic ruins. On the right, a glorious bar of six Corinthian columns, still supporting architrave lovely gods and goddesses of the Romans

of Antoninus Pius rises before us and we world-renowned temple built in honor of fairness of slowly disintegrating things. Passing from the Great Court, we find They alone are left to tell us of the splendor of the temple before which they stood and to remind us in ghostly fashion that when the



A FALLEN COLUMN OF THE PERISTYLE OF THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER, DISLODGED BY THE EARTHQUAKE OF 1759.

were banished, art went into exile too. in silent ruin. A Christian emperor soon decreed the was the chief glory of the temple, with destruction of the glorious Pantheon, but its clusters of tapering columns bearhis army of despoilers could only mar and ing aloft their high capitals of acanthusnot destroy its beauties. Then, centuries leaves, is sadly damaged also. But the later, one day the earth was taken with interior, though roofless now, is still well convulsions and she shook and trembled enough preserved for us to fancy how it so that when the frightened peasants in looked almost two thousand years ago the vineyards and orchards below the when the workmen left their labor, and

look up in times of danger, they beheld upon its pallid brow only the ruins of its former beauty which we see to-day. But the Temple of Jupiter or the Sun, which directly faced the Pantheon, though built upon a slightly lower level of the mountain, was spared the same cruel fate, and in the profusion of ruins at Baalbek it alone is yet possessed of much of its early splendor.

To the north, only two or three of the beautiful columns of the peristyle have fallen, and we yet pass

through the long aisle between them and the cella of the building, beneath a ceiling which still bears the garlands of fruits and flowers the Romans sculptured on it around the lovely heads of gods yet fair with youthful beauty and grave emperors whose high office deified them. But to the south and to the east, the eve again meets only desolation. Fallen columns, broken friezes, shattered vaulting-all lie upon the ground together

Even the portal, which Acropolis looked up, as men will always the first procession entered with offerings

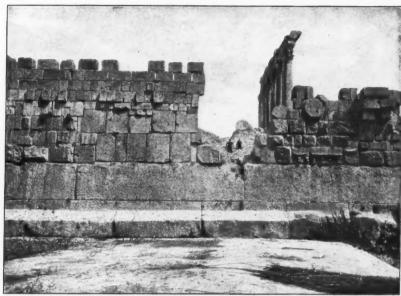
of fruit and flowers to lay upon the altar dedicated to the eternal Generator of the blessings of the earth.

Shadowsplay in the deep recesses of the fluted columns half sunken in the lovely walls; images of gods and emperors have alike been hurled from the double row of niches on both sides. while the foliage traced around these niches has outlasted both the emperors and the gods, and the sheaves of acanthus-leaves which form the capitals of the columns remain unbroken



FLUTED COLUMNS OF THE TEMPLE PORCH.

by the weight of entablature and frieze. These cold stones have seen some of the most romantic and some of the most tragic figures that have ever crossed the great stage of the world. They saw pass before them the serried armies which Rome sent sometimes to guard, sometimes to extend, her frontier; and they were in their pristine freshness when one of those armies returned victorious, leading in regal



ENCLOSING WALL OF THE ACROPOLIS, BUILT BY THE PHENICIANS CENTURIES BEFORE THE CHRISTIAN ERA E GIANT MONOLITHS ARE MORE THAN SIXTY FEET IN LENGTH AND TWENTY IN TI IN THE DISTANCE ARE SIX GREAT CORINTHIAN COLUMNS OF THE PANTHEON. NESS.

splendor a captive queen, who from a throne upon the desert had extended her dominion over so many ancient empires that no satire could be directed against her assumption of the proud title of "Queen of the East," though it was but for the brief space of one brilliant day, as the lifetime of nations is counted, that she used it. Thus Zenobia passed through Baalbek on her way to Rome, to be dragged a captive in the returning conqueror's train; but in the grand procession of the heroines of the world she walks erect and triumphant, second only to one, and follows close upon the shining footprints of Egypt's dauntless queen.

Some of these fallen stones were hurled from their high places when the soldiers of Theodosius the Great carried out the edict of that emperor decreeing the destruction of all the images of Baalbek's gods, and these cold, deserted pavements were, both before and after the time of Constantine, crowded with surging throngs of pagan slayers and warm with early Christian blood which they spilled; for men had

official decree of a newly converted emperor. But at last the cross was carved upon the shimmering walls of Baalbek; and Christians going to their altar in the glorious temple of the Sun-God passed in triumph beneath the sculptured form of the great eagle, his symbol, which yet remains with outstretched wings above the eastern portal.

Many of these fallen stones were standing in their appointed positions after the empire of Rome had crumbled to pieces, and they perhaps remained unshaken until the time of the Arab invasion, when the Moslems desecrated these temple-churches and converted the Acropolis into a citadel whose ruins are now confounded with their sacred stones.

From this eminence, Saladin once looked out, no doubt to have his dream of empire quickened by the fair prospect which he beheld. And before these mighty fortifi cations, the Sultans of Egypt contended with the Seljuk Turks in many hard-fought battles. These crumbling stones saw the venerated their gods too long to give them Crusaders under the grim command of up, without fierce struggle, upon the mere Baldwin, "The Leper," King of Jerusalem,

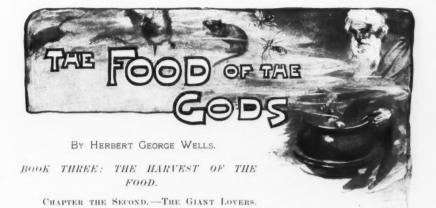


ALCOVE IN THE SQUARE CHAMBER OF THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER.

with treasure. They beheld Tamerlane, "the Scourge of God," sweeping from his home in central Asia with vast hosts, halt here at the moment when he had reached the pinnacle of his greatness. Lustful of power in its crudest and most brutal form, he had appeared in the world like a whirlwind bringing only desolation. Asia had been subjected and Europe seemed to be at his mercy, when they saw him lured, as all conquerors are lured sooner or later, to Egypt. They watched the rapacious old warrior rush to his strange destiny, meeting the first check in his stormy career from the armies of those romantic kings who from their luxurious palaces at Cairo threw a glamour over the darkness of half the middle ages. They saw, a century later, the Ottoman Turks, whom Tamerlane imagined he had annihilated at Angora, take possession of while we behold it the home of corruption Baalbek in the name of the conqueror and decay. But grand and pathetic, above Turkish indifference to monuments of art. Rome will always mean Empire to us, and Then earthquake. But among the ruins her widely scattered ruins will be precious the passage of yet one more commanding to mankind as long as they endure.

defeat the Saracens and go away laden form-the last of all-Mohammed Ali, liberator of Egypt, conqueror of Syria. Finally, he was driven back to Cairo.

> Baalbek itself is part of the grandest and the most pathetic ruin in the world to-day -that of the gilded Eastern empire, whose magnificent foundations contain within themselves all the elements of disintegra-Grand and pathetic, because it tion. furnishes us the spectacle of a brilliant race of warriors, whose prowess once compelled the admiration of the world, finding themselves unequal to bestow the blessings of peace and prosperity when seated upon a throne. Grand and pathetic, because it embraces rich provinces whose proud histories are scarce remembered and whose fertility has become a mockery under misrule. Grand and pathetic, because its capital was intended to be the seat of the most flourishing empire of the world. They saw three centuries of all, because it is the ghost of Rome, and



In 'The Food of the Gods' Mr. Wells has produced a story of thrilling incident, while offering philosophic suggestion that will give employment to the most profound mind. It is 'Gulliver's Travels' brought up to the twentieth century. The discovery by two English scientists of a food having the effect that every animal which partakes of it grows to enormous size, results in many curious and extraordinary events. The Food is given to children and gradually spreads to different quarters of the globe, and in the course of time the first of a race of giants grow to manhood and womanhood. They stand for a future race, the product of modern scientific advancement, untrammeled by tradition and obsolete custom. Against them the mass of mankind finds itself compelled to take a stand. No one can tell what the result will be.

1.

NOW it chanced in the days when Caterham was campaigning against the Boom-children before the general election that was-amidst the most tragic and terrible circumstances-to bring him into power. that the giant princess, that Serene Highness whose early nutrition had played so great a part in the brilliant career of Doctor Winkles, had come from the kingdom of her father to England, on an occasion that was deemed important. She was affianced for reasons of state to a certain princeand the wedding was to be made an event of international significance. There had arisen mysterious delays. Rumor and imagination collaborated in the story and many things were said. There were suggestions of a recalcitrant prince who declared he would not be made to look like a fool -at least to this extent.

Now it may seem a strange thing, but it is a fact that the giant princess, when she came to England, knew of no other giants the air of one's life. They had kept the Redwood until he was close upon her,

thing from her, they had hedged her about from sight or suspicion of any gigantic form, until her appointed coming to England was due. Until she met young Redwood, she had no inkling that there was such a thing as another giant in the world.

And now among a people at once so democratic and so vehemently loval as the English, her freedom was much restricted. People came in brakes, in excursion-trains, in organized multitudes, to see her; they would cycle long distances to stare at her. and it was necessary to rise betimes if she would walk in peace. It was still near the dawn that morning when young Redwood came upon her.

The great park near the palace where she lodged stretched for a score of miles and more west and south of the western palace gates. The chestnut-trees of its avenues reached high above her head. Each one as she passed it seemed to proffer a more abundant wealth of blossom. For a time she was content with sight and scent, but at last she was won over by these whatever. She had lived in a world where offers, and set herself so busily to choose tact is almost a passion and reservations are and pick that she did not perceive young



"'GUNS-JUST AS THEY SHOOT AT THE RATS. THE BULLETS CAME THROUGH THE AIR WITH A SOUND LIKE THINGS TEARING; ONE STUNG ME IN THE LEG,"

She moved among the chestnut-trees, with the destined lover drawing near to her, unanticipated, unsuspected. She thrust her hands in among the branches, breaking them and gathering them. She was alone in the world. Then—

She looked up, and in that moment she was mated.

We must needs put our imaginations to his stature to see the beauty he saw. That unapproachable greatness that prevents our immediate sympathy with her did not exist for him. There she stood, a gracious girl, the first created being that had ever seemed a mate for him, lithe and slender, lightly clad, the fresh breeze of the dawn molding the subtly folding robe upon her against the soft, strong lines of her form, and with a great mass of scented chestnut-branches in her hands. The collar of her robe opened to show the whiteness of her neck and a soft, shadowed roundness that passed out of sight toward her shoulders.

She turned upon him with a start, saw him, and for a space they regarded each other. For her, the sight of him was so amazing, so incredible, as to be for some moments, at least, terrible. He came to her with the shock of a supernatural apparition. He broke all the established law of her world. He was a youth of one and twenty then, slenderly built, with his father's darkness and his father's gravity. He was clad in a sober, soft brown leather, close-fitting, easy garments, and in brown hose that shaped him bravely. His head went uncovered in all weathers. They stood regarding each other-she incredulously amazed, and he with his heart beating fast. It was a moment without a prelude, the cardinal meeting of their lives.

For him there was less surprise. He had been seeking her, and yet his heart beat fast.

"You are the princess," he said. "My father has told me. You are the princess who was given the Food of the Gods."

"I am the princess—yes," she said, with eyes of wonder. "But—what are you?"

"I am the son of the man who made the Food of the Gods."

Her face expressed infinite perplexity.

"What? I don't understand. The Food of the Gods?"

"You have not heard?"

"The Food of the Gods? No!"

She found herself trembling violently. The color left her face. "I did not know," she said. "Do you mean——?" He waited for her.

"Do you mean there are other—giants?"
He repeated, "Did you not know?"
And she answered, with the growing amazement of realization, "No!"

The whole world and all the meaning of the world was changing for her.

He caught her amazement.

"You know nothing?" he cried. "You have never heard of us? You, whom the Food has made akin to us!"

There was terror still in the eyes that stared at him. Her hand rose toward her throat and fell again. She whispered, "No."

#### II.

You must figure them both, flushed and startled in their bearing, getting at each other's meaning through endless halfheard, half-spoken phrases, repeating, making perplexing breaks and new departures -a wonderful talk, in which she awakened from the ignorance of all her life. And very slowly it became clear to her that she was no exception to the order of mankind, but one of a scattered brotherhood, who had all eaten the Food and grown forever out of the little limits of the folk beneath their feet. Young Redwood spoke of his father, of Cossar, of the Brothers scattered throughout the country, of the great dawn of wider meaning that had come at last into the history of the world. "We are in the beginning of a beginning," he said; "this world of theirs is only the prelude to the world the Food will make.

"My father believes-and I also believe



Drawn by Cyrus Cuneo. "''You've got to move on. You're obstructing the traffic.'''

—that a time will come when littleness will have passed altogether out of the world of man—when giants shall go freely about the earth, doing continually greater and more splendid things. But that—that is to come."

"And of these things," she said, "I knew nothing!"

"There are times when it seems to me almost as if we had come too soon. Some one, I suppose, had to come first. But the world was all unprepared for our coming and for the coming of all the lesser great things that drew their greatness from the Food. There have been blunders, there have been conflicts. The little people hate our kind.

"They are hard toward us because they are so little, and because our feet are heavy on the things that make their lives. But, at any rate, they hate us now; they will have none of us; only if we could shrink back to the common size of them

would they begin to forgive.

"Our easy paces are wild flights to them, and all they deem great and wonderful no more than dolls' pyramids to us. Their pettiness of method and appliance and imagination hampers and defeats our powers. There are no machines to the power of our hands, no helps to fit our needs. They hold our greatness in servitude by a thousand invisible bands.

"They pen us in, in every way. Even to live, one must cross their boundaries. Even to meet you here to-day, I have passed a limit. All that is reasonable and desirable in life they make out of bounds for us. We may not go into the towns, we may not cross the bridges, we may not step on their plowed fields or into the harbors of the game they kill. I am cut off now from all our brethren except the three sons of Cossar, and even that way the passage narrows day by day. One could think they sought occasion against us to do some more evil thing."

"But we are strong," she said.

"We should be strong—yes. We feel, all of us—you too, I know, must feel—that we have power, power to do great things, power insurgent in us. But before we can do anything——"

He flung out a hand that seemed to that I can tell."
sweep away a world.
"That they saw

"Though I thought I was alone in the world," she said, after a pause, "I have thought of these things. They have taught me always that strength was almost a sin; that it was better to be little than great; that all true religion was to shelter the weak and little, encourage the weak and little, help them to multiply and multiply. until at last they crawled over one another; to sacrifice all our strength in their cause. But— Life was in me, and it taught me better."

"This life," he said, "these bodies of ours, are not for dying."

"No."

"Nor to live in futility. But if we would not do that, it is already plain to all our brethren a conflict must come. I know not what bitterness of conflict must presently come, before the little folks will suffer us to live as we need to live. All the brethren have thought of that. Cossar, of whom I told you—he, too, has thought of that."

"They are very little and weak."

"In their way. But you know all the means of death are in their hands and made for their hands. For hundreds of thousands of years these little people whose world we invade have been learning how to kill one another. They are very able at that. They are able in many ways. And besides, they can deceive change suddenly-- I do not know There comes a conflict. you perhaps are different from us. For us. assuredly, the conflict comes. The thing they call War. We know it. In a way we prepare for it. But you know-those little people!-we do not know how to kill, at least we do not want to kill-

"Look," she interrupted, and he heard

a yelping horn.

He turned at the direction of her eyes, and found a bright-yellow motor car, with dark-goggled driver and fur-clad passengers, whooping, throbbing and buzzing resentfully at his heel. He moved his foot, and the mechanism, with three angry snorts, resumed its fussy way toward the town. "Filling up the roadway!" floated up to him.

"All this," she said, "is more amazing

"That they should not have told you

"Until you came upon me, I had lived in a world where I was great-alone. I had made myself a life-for that. I had thought I was the victim of some strange freak of nature. And now my world has crumbled down, in half an hour, and I see another world, other conditions, wider possibilities -fellowship---'

"Fellowship," he answered.

"I want you to tell me more yet, and much more," she said. "You know this passes through my mind like a tale that is told. You even- In a day, perhaps, or after several days, I shall believe in you. Now -now I am dreaming-Listen!"

The first stroke of a clock above the ' palace offices far away had penetrated to them. Each counted mechanically "seven."

"This," she said, "should be the hour of my return. They will be taking the bowl of my coffee into the hall where I sleep. The little officials and servantsyou cannot dream how grave they arewill be stirring about their little duties."

"They will wonder- But I want to talk to you."

She thought. "But I want to think, too. I want now to think alone, and think out this change in things, think away the old solitude, and think you and those others into my world- I shall go. I shall go back to-day; and to-morrow, as the dawn comes. I shall come againhere."

"I shall be here waiting for you."

"All day I shall dream and dream of this new world you have given me. Even now, I can scarcely believe----'

She took a step back and surveyed him from the feet to the face. Their eyes met and locked for a moment; each saw a face bright and flushed with excitement, soft and beautified by emotion.

"Yes," she said, with a little laugh that was half a sob, "you are real. But it is very wonderful! Do you think-indeed-? Suppose to-morrow I come and find you-a pigmy like the others!---Yes. I must think. And so for to-dayas the little people do--'

- 'he said, and left his sentence in- hands clasped firmly, and their eyes met again.

"Good-by," she said, "for to-day. Good-by! Good-by, Brother Giant!"

He hesitated with some unspoken thing, and at last he answered her simply, "Good-

#### III.

These two met altogether fourteen times before the beginning of the end. They met in the great park or on the heights, and among the gorges of the rusty-roaded, heatherly moorland, set with dusky pinewoods, that stretched to the southwest. Twice they met in the great avenue of chestnuts, and five times near the broad ornamental water that the king, her greatgrandfather, had made. There was a place where a great trim lawn, set with tall conifers, sloped graciously to the water's edge, and there she would sit, and he would lie at her knees and look up into her face and talk, telling of all the things that had been, and of the work his father had set before him, and of the great and spacious dream of what the giant people should one day be.

Very soon they had passed from the realization that in them and through them a new world of giantry shaped itself in the earth, from the contemplation of the great struggle between big and little in which they were clearly destined to participate. to interests at once more personal and more spacious. Each time they met and talked and looked on each other it crept a little more toward recognition that something more dear and wonderful than friendship was between them, and walked between them, and drew their hands together. And in a little while they came to the word itself. and found themselves lovers, the Adam and Eve of a new order in the world.

They set forth side by side into the wonderful valley of love, with its deep and quiet places. The world changed about them with their changing mood, until presently it had become, as it were, a tabernacular beauty about their meetings, and the stars were no more than flowers of light beneath the feet of their love, and the dawn and sunset the colored hangings She held out her hand, and for the first by the way. They ceased to be beings time they touched each other. Their of flesh and blood to each other and themselves; they passed into a bodily texture of tenderness and desire. They gave it first whispers and then silence, and drew close and looked into each other's moonlit and shadowy faces under the infinite arch of the sky. And the still black pine-trees stood about them like sentinels.

The beating steps of time were hushed into silence, and it seemed to them the universe hung still. Only their beating hearts were audible. They seemed to be living together in a world where there is no death, and indeed so it was with them then. For time and death are things of the individual life, and love is emancipation from the individual. It seemed to them that they sounded. and indeed they sounded, such hidden splendors in the very heart of things as none had ever reached before. Even for mean and little souls, love may be the revelation of splendors. And theirs were no puny souls, theirs no petty splendors: they were giant lovers who had eaten the Food of the Gods.

You may imagine the spreading consternation in this ordered world when it became known that the princess, who was affianced to the prince—the princess, her Serene Highness! with royal blood in her veins!—met—frequently met—the hypertrophied offspring of a common professor of chemistry, a creature of no rank, no position, no wealth, and talked to him as though there were no kings and princes, no order, no reverence—nothing but giants and pigmies in the world; talked to him, and, it was only too certain, held him as her lover.

"If those newspaper fellows get hold of it!" gasped Sir Arthur Poodle Bootlick. And then:

"We are authorized to deny—" said
"Picaroon" in "Gossip."

And so the whole trouble came out.

#### IV.

"They say that we must part," the princess said to her lover.

"But why?" he cried. "What new folly have these people got into their heads?"

"It isn't 'right,' " she said.

"Do you know," she asked, "that to love me is high treason? I had it

explained to me to-day-by a specialist in tact."

"My dear," he cried; "but does it matter? What are their right—right without a shadow of reason—and their treason and their loyalty to us?"

"You shall hear," she said, and told him of the things that had been told to

"It was the queerest little man who came to me," she said, "with a soft, beautifully modulated voice-a softly moving little gentleman who sidled into the room like a cat and put his pretty white hand up so, whenever he had anything significant to say. He is bald, but not, of course, nakedly bald; and his nose and face are chubby, rosy little things; and his beard is trimmed to a point in quite the loveliest way. He pretended to have emotions several times, and made his eyes shine. You know he is quite a friend of the real royal family here, and he called me his dear young lady and was perfectly sympathetic even from the beginning. 'My dear young lady,' he said, 'you know-you mustn't', several times; and then, 'You owe a duty.' In his silken way he told me serious things."

"You don't think," he said, turning on her abruptly, "that there's anything in the sort of thing he said?"

"There's something in it."

"You mean-?"

"I mean that, without knowing it, we have been trampling on the most sacred conceptions of the little folks. We who are royal are a class apart. We are worshiped prisoners, processional toys. pay for worship by losing our elementary freedom. And I was to have married that You know nothing of him, princethough. Well, a pigmy prince. doesn't matter. It seems that it would have strengthened the bonds between my country and another. And this country also was to profit. Imagine it !- strengthening the bonds!"

"And now?"

"They want me to go on with it—as though there were nothing between us two."

"Nothing!"

"Yes. But that isn't all. He said-

"Your specialist in tact?"

"Yes. He said it would be better for

you—better for all the giants—if we two "It is our only hope, dear lover. In abstained from conversation. That was this crowded land there is no fastness, no

how he put it."

"But——! What business is it of these little wretches where we love, how we love! What have they and their world to do with us?"

"They do not think that."

"Of course," he said, "you disregard all this."

"It seems utterly foolish to me."

"That their old laws should fetter us, the children of the new! That we, at the first spring of life, should be tripped by their old engagements, their blind and aimless institutions! Oh!—— We disregard it."

"I am yours. So far-yes."

"So far? Isn't that all?"

"But they — If they want to part be, there we should find shelter-us —" "For many days," he said, after

"What can they do?"

"I don't know. What can they do?"
"Who cares what they can do, or what
they will do? I am yours and you are
mine. What is there more than that? I
am yours and you are mine—forever. Do
you think I will stop for their little rules,
for their little prohibitions, their searlet

you think I will stop for their little rules, for their little prohibitions, their scarlet boards indeed!—and keep from you? You! You who are more precious, ten thousand times more precious, to me than life."

She took that as the simple truth it was.

"Yes. But still what can they do?"
"You mean," he said, "what are we to do?"

"Yes."

"We? We can go on."

"And if they seek to prevent us?"

He clenched his hands. He looked round as if the little people were already coming to prevent them; then turned away from her and looked about the world. "Yes," he said; "your question was the right one. What can they do?"

"Here in this little land—" she said, and stopped.

He seemed to survey it all. "They are everywhere."

"But we might-"

"Whither?"

"We could go. We could swim the seas together. Beyond the seas—"

"But to get there we must fight our way day after day through millions and millions of mankind." "It is our only hope, dear lover. In this crowded land there is no fastness, no shelter. What place is there for us in these multitudes? There is no place where we could eat, no place where we could sleep. If we fled, night and day they would pursue our footsteps."

"There is one place," he said, "even in this island."

"Where?"

"The place our brothers have made over beyond there. They have made great banks about their house, north and south and east and west, they have made deep pits and hidden places. And even now, one came over to me quite recently. He said—I did not altogether heed what he said then. But he spoke of arms. It may be, there we should find shelter—

"For many days," he said, after a pause, "I have not seen our brothers -- Dear! I have been dreaming, I have been forgetting! The days have passed and I have done nothing but look to see you again I must go to them and talk to them and tell them of you and of all the things that hang over us. If they will help us, they can help us. Then, indeed, we might hope. I do not know how strong their place is, but certainly Cossar will have made it strong. Before all thisbefore you came to me, I remember now -there was trouble brewing. There was an election-when all the little people settle things by counting heads. It must be over now. There were threats against all our race-against all our race, that is, but you. I must see our brothers. It is fully time I saw them and told them all that has happened between us."

V.

He did not come to their next meeting until she had waited some time. They were to meet that day about midday in a great space of park that fitted into a bend of the river, and as she waited, looking ever southward under her hand and growing more anxious with each slow minute, it came to her that the world was very still, that indeed it was broodingly still. And then she perceived that, spite of the lateness of the hour, her customary retinue of voluntary spies had failed her. Left and right, when she came to look, there

was no one in sight, and there was never a boat upon the silver curve of the Thames. She tried to find a reason for this strange stillness in the world.

Then, a grateful sight for her, she saw young Redwood far away over a gap in the tree masses that bounded her view.

Immediately the trees hid him, and presently he was thrusting through them and drawing near. She could see there was something different, and then she saw that he was hurrying unusually and then that he limped. He gestured to her, and she walked toward him. His face became clearer, and she saw with infinite concern that he winced at every stride. He was scant of breath. She was running now toward him, stretching out her hands to him, her mind full of questions and vague fear. He drew near to her and spoke forthwith.

"Are we to part?" he panted. "No," she answered. "Why?

What is the matter?"
"But if we do not part-

It is now."
"What is the matter?"

"I do not want to part," he said. "Only—"

He broke off abruptly to ask, "You will not part from me?"

"I will not part." She took his hand. "If this meant death, now, I would not let you go."

"If it meant death," he said,

and she felt his grip upon her fingers.

He looked about him as if he feared to see the little people coming as he spoke. And then, "It may mean death."

"Now tell me," she said.

"They tried to stop my coming."

"How?"

"As I came out of my workshop where I make the Food of the Gods for the Cossars to store in their camp, I found a little officer of police—a man in blue with white, clean gloves—who beckoned me to stop. 'This way is closed!' I thought little of that. I went round my workshop to where another road runs west, and there was another officer. 'This road is closed!' he said, and added, 'All the roads are closed!' ''

"And then?"



Drawn by Cyrus Cunco.

"HE . . . RIPPED UP A DOZEN YARDS OF RAIL WITH A MIGHTY PLUNGE OF HIS FOOT."

"I argued with him a little. 'They are public roads!' I said.

" 'That's it, ' said he. 'You spoil them

for the public.'
"'Very well,' said I, 'I'll take the fields,' and then up leaped others from behind a hedge and said, 'These fields are private.'

"'Curse your public and private,' I said; 'I'm going to my princess;' and I stooped down and picked him up very gently—kicking and shouting—and put him out of my way. In a minute, all the fields about me seemed alive with running men. I saw one on horseback galloping beside me and reading something as he rode—shouting it. He finished and turned and galloped away from me—head down. I couldn't make it out. And then behind me I heard the crack of guns.'"

"Guns!"

"Guns—just as they shoot at the rats. The bullets came through the air with a sound like things tearing; one stung me in the leg."

"And you?"

"Came on to you here and left them shouting and running and shooting behind me. And now----"

"Now?"

"It is only the beginning. They mean that we shall part. Even now they are coming after me."

"We will not."

"No. But if we will not part then you must come with me to our brothers."

"Which way?" she said.

"To the east. Yonder is the way my pursuers will be coming. This, then, is the way we must go; along this avenue of trees. Let me go first, so that if they are waiting——'

He made a stride, but she had seized his arm.

"No," cried she. "I come close to you, holding you. Perhaps I am royal, perhaps I am sacred. If I hold you—
Would to God we could fly with my arms about you!—it may be, they will not shoot at you—

She clasped his shoulder, seized his hand as she spoke, and pressed herself

nearer to him. "It may be they will not shoot you," she repeated, and with a sudden passion of tenderness he took her into his arms and kissed her cheek. For a space he held her.

"Even if it is death," she whispered. She put her hands about his neck and

lifted her face to his.

"Dearest, kiss me once more."

He drew her to him. Silently they kissed each other on the lips and for another moment they clung to each other. Then, hand in hand, and she striving always to keep her body near to his, they set forward if haply they might reach the camp of refuge which the sons of Cossar had made, before the pursuit of the little people overtook them.

So it was that the purging of greatness from the world began for them.

And as they crossed the great spaces of the park behind the castle, there came horsemen galloping out from among the trees, vainly seeking to keep pace with their giant strides. And presently, ahead of them were houses, and men with guns running out of the houses. At the sight of that, though he sought to go on and was even disposed to fight and push through, she made him turn aside toward the south.

As they fled, a bullet whipped by them overhead.

#### CHAPTER THE THIRD-YOUNG CADDLES IN LONDON.

I.

And all unaware of the trend in events, unaware of the laws that were closing in upon all of the Brethren, unaware indeed that there lived a brother for him on the earth, young Caddles chose this time to come out of his chalk-pit and see the world. His brooding came at last to that. There was no answer to all his questions in Cheasing Eyebright, the new vicar was less luminous even than the old, and the riddle of his pointless labor grew at last to the dimensions of exasperation. "Why should I work in this pit day after day?" he "Why should I walk within bounds and be refused all the wonders of the world beyond there? What have I done, to be condemned to this? I won't,"

he said, and then with great vigor cursed the pit.

Then, being an untutored soul, he sought to express his thought in acts. He took a truck half filled with chalk, lifted it and flung it, smash, against another. Then he grasped a whole row of empty trucks and spun them down a bank. He sent a huge boulder of chalk bursting among them, and then ripped up a dozen yards of rail with a mighty plunge of his foot. So Re commenced the conscientious wrecking of the pit.

"Work in that old pit until I die and rot and stink! What worm did they think was living in my giant body? Dig chalk for God knows what foolish purpose! Not I!"

The trend of road and railway, or mere

chance perhaps it was, turned his face to Cossars. London, and thither he came striding, over the downs and athwart the meadows, through the hot afternoon, to the infinite amazement of the world. It signified nothing to him that torn posters in red and white, bearing various names, flapped from every wall and barn. He knew nothing of the electoral revolution that had flung Caterham, "Jack the Giantkiller," into power. It signified nothing to him that every police station along his route had what was known as Caterham's ukase upon its notice-board that afternoon, proclaiming that no giant, no person whatever over eight feet in height, should go more than five miles from his "place of location" without a special permission. It signified nothing to him that in his wake belated police officers, not a little relieved to find themselves belated, shook little warning handbills at his retreating back. He was going to see what the world had to show him, poor incredulous blockhead.

People in London had heard something of him before-how he was idiotic but gentle, and wonderfully managed by Lady Wondershoot's agent and the vicar; how in his dull way he revered these authorities and was grateful to them for their care of him, and so forth. So that when they learned from the newspaper placards that afternoon that he also was "on strike," the thing appeared to many of them as a deliberate, concerted act.

The placards of the chief government evening paper were conspicuous with "Grasping the Nettle." Others relied for effect on: "Giant Redwood continues to meet the Princess." The "Echo" struck a line of its own with: "Rumored Revolt of Giants in Northumberland." The "Westminster Gazette" sounded its usual warning note. "Giants Beware," said the "Westminster Gazette," and tried to make a point out of it that might perhaps serve a little toward uniting the Liberal party - at that time greatly torn between seven leaders. The later news-"The papers dropped into uniformity. Giant in the New Kent Road," they proclaimed.

"What I want to know," said the pale young man in the tea-shop, "is why we aren't getting any news of the young in a sky sign, staring down at the pigmies

You'd think they'd be in it most of all.

"They tell me there's another of them young giants got loose," said the barmaid, wiping out a glass. "I've always said they was dangerous things to 'ave about, right away from the beginning. It ought to be put a stop to.

"I'd like to 'ave a look at 'im, " said the young man at the bar, recklessly; and added, "I seen the princess."

"D'you think they'll 'urt 'im?" said the barmaid.

"May 'ave to," said the young man. Amidst a hum of ten million such sayings, young Caddles came to London.

#### II.

I think of young Caddles always as he was seen in the New Kent Road, the sunset warm upon his perplexed and staring face. The road was thick with its varied traffic, omnibuses, trams, vans, carts, trolleys, cyclists, motors, and a marveling crowd-loafers, women, nursemaids, shopping women, children, venturesome hobbledehoys-gathered behind his gingerly moving feet. The hoardings were untidy everywhere with the tattered election paper. A babblement of voices surged about him. One sees the customers and shopmen crowding in the doorways of the shops, the faces that came and went in the windows, the little street boys running and shouting, the policemen taking it all quite stiffly and calmly, the workmen knocking off upon scaffoldings, the seething miscellany of the little folks. They shouted to him vague encouragement, vague insults, the imbecile catchwords of the day, and he stared down at them, at such a multitude of living creatures as he had never before imagined in the world.

Now that he had fairly entered London. he had had to slacken his pace more and more, the little folks crowded so mightily upon him. The crowd grew denser at every step, and at last, at a corner where two great ways converged, he came to a stop and the multitude flowed about him and closed him in.

There he stood, with his feet a little apart, his back to a big corner gin-palace that towered twice his height and ended

and wondering, trying, I doubt not, to collate it all with the other things of his life—with the valley among the downlands, the nocturnal lovers, the singing in the church, the chalk he hammered daily, and with instinct and death and the sky—trying to see it all together coherent and significant. His brows were knit. He put up his huge paw to scratch his coarse hair, and groaned aloud.

"I don't see it," he said.

His accent was unfamiliar. A great babblement went across the open space, a babblement amidst which the gongs of the trams, ploughing their obstinate way through the mass, rose like red poppies amidst corn. "What did he say?" "Said he didn't see." "Said, where is the sea?" "Said, where is a seat?" "He wants a seat." "Can't the brasted fool sit on a 'ouse or somethin'?"

"What are ye for, ye swarming little people? What are ye all doing, what

are ve all for?

"What are ye doing up here, ye swarming little people, while I'm a-cuttin' chalk for ye, down in the chalk-pits there?"

His queer voice, the voice that had been so bad for school discipline at Cheasing Eyebright, smote the multitude to silence while it sounded, and splashed them all to tumult at the end. Some wit was audibly screaming, "Speech, speech!" "What's he saying?" was the burden of the public mind, and an opinion was abroad that he was drunk. "Hi, hi, hi!" bawled the omnibus-drivers, threading a dangerous way. A drunken American sailor wandered about, tearfully inquiring, "What's he want, anyhow?" A leathery-faced rag-dealer upon a little pony-drawn cart soared up over the tumult by virtue of his "Garn 'ome, you brasted giant!" he bawled. "Garn 'ome! You brasted great dangerous thing! Can't you see you're a-frightenin' the 'orses? Go 'ome 'Asn't any one 'ad the sense with you! to tell you the law?" And over all this uproar young Caddles stared, perplexed, expectant, saying no more.

Down a side road came a little string of solemn policemen, and threaded itself ingeniously into the traffic. "Stand back," said the little voices. "Keep moving, please."

Young Caddles became aware of a little

dark-blue figure thumping at his shin. He looked down and perceived two white hands gesticulating. "What?" he said, bending forward.

"Can't stand about here," shouted the inspector.

"No! You can't stand about here," he repeated.

"But where am I to go?"

"Back to your village. Place of location. Anyhow, now—you've got to move on. You're obstructing the traffic."

"What traffic?"

"Along the road."

"But where is it going? Where does it come from? What does it mean? They're all round me. What do they want? What are they doin'? I want to understand. I'm tired of cuttin' chalk and bein' all alone. What are they doin' for me while I'm a-cuttin' chalk? I may just as well understand here and now as anywhere."

"Sorry. But we aren't here to explain things of that sort. I must arst you to

move on."

"Don't you know?"

"I must arst you to move on—if you please. I'd strongly advise you to get off 'ome. We've 'ad no special instructions yet—but it's against the law—— Clear away there. Clear away."

The pavement to his left became invitingly bare, and young Caddles went slowly on his way. But now his tongue was

loosened.

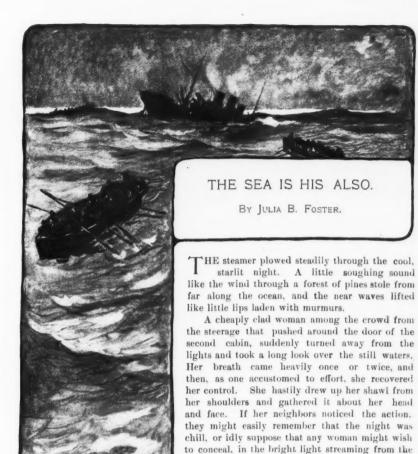
"I don't understand," he muttered. "I don't understand." He would appeal brokenly to the changing crowd that ever trailed beside him and behind. "I didn't know there were such places as this. What are all you people doing with yourselves? What's it all for? What is it all for, and where do I come in?"

He had already begotten a new catchword. Young men of wit and spirit addressed one another in this manner: "Ullo, 'Arry O'Cock. Wot's it all for? Eh? Wot's it all bloomin' well for?"

To which there sprang up a competing variety of repartees, for the most part impolite. The most popular and best adapted for general use appears to have been "Shut it," or, in a voice of scornful detachment, "Garn!"

There were others almost equally popular.

(To be continued.)



lower lip out of shape.

A company of actors with an American reputation had, it seemed, listened to the fascinating tinkle of European shekels and had shipped for England to find the substance of that echoing tinkle. The best on the ship was theirs, and, as always and everywhere, the actors were regarded as surrounded with a filmy glory. Thus of old a hamadryad might have looked with wondering, envying eyes at a human being as at an angel-creature that could walk about on two feet and was therefore possessed of

cabin door, a scar that, like this one, pulled the

godlike powers.

The actor-company had to-night volunteered an entertainment, and they condescended to the second cabin as middle ground that on one side bordered the first cabin, and from the other might safely patronize the steerage.

A one-act "curtain-raiser" that was possible without accessories was given first, and then the hero pulled his hair over his forehead, turned up his coat collar and gave a "tramp" recitation. At the close, he tossed back his hair and smiled. His eyes were dark and handsome, his teeth white and his smile a transformation.

"Lordy, missis, ain't he good-lookin'!" exclaimed one of the women from the steerage, nudging her nearest neighbor.

The latter adjusted more closely the shawl about her head, and it was only at a second nudge that she answered dully, "Wot?"

There was no opportunity for further remark, for immediate announcement was made that Miss Mame McFeeley, the celebrated song-and-dance artist, would favor the assembly. Miss McFeeley, sitting on a red velvet sofa, had all along been a cynosure. It was understood that it was she whose fame had preceded to Europe her person. People from one end of the ship to the other had whispered the fact.

The dull, every-day people that were like the envying hamadryads, looked expectantly at Miss Mame McFeeley as she rose like a preening bird. There was about her an atmosphere of something unusual-a diaphanous, indefinable, finished attractiveness. She was a strong magnet, and her audience, like many bits of steel filing, turned toward her. It was dazzlingly impossible to pierce through her brilliancy and note the jaded lines crossing the corners of her eyes, the peculiarity of the mouth that was squirrelshaped, and the nose that seemed to spring from the center of her forehead. It proved that she had no singing voice, that one or two swinging steps caught in cadence comprised the dance, but-she was "fetch-

"Extremely chic!" murmured, through its applause, the first cabin.

"Lordy, ain't she stunnin'!" exclaimed the woman from the steerage, again nudging with the point of her elbow.

"Wot?" replied her neighbor, still holding with one hand her shawl under her chin. The hand was work-hardened and coarse, but at the knuckles it was white, as if the fingers gripped into the palm.

The two women kept for a moment side by side as they walked away.

"How can anny wan do that—annywan, leastways, that was wance a baby, an' then a little girl, an' then a big girl, an' then—my God!—a woman?" the first one continued, readily mingling disparagement with admiration.

"Them as can, can: them as cawn't, cawn't—like you an' me. Hin the beginnin' ye cawn't guess 'ow things 'll go.'' laconically returned the other. This last chance remark was early exemplified. Some hours later, when the night was paling into day and the whispering pines seemed calling, calling, and amidst the gentle surging of the peaceful waves, the ship recoiled at a shock, trembled, plunged, then gradually, as some animal composing itself on a grassy plain, she lay over on her side among the swirling waters.

In that instant the distinction of cabins disappeared and in the ghastly dawn the

people mingled as one.

Thus it was that a woman from the steerage seemed not out of place as she ran about on the upper deck hunting among the staterooms. If plunder was her object, no one cared even to laugh at her for a fool. In this extremity, what were diamonds worth, and what was the value of tinkling coin?

The crowd jammed the way to the boats, and one by one these last put away from the whirlpool of which the ship was the center. A raft or two were hastily joined and pushed off. It was a fearful, shuddering time. Death had come to life.

One's very existence, when one may lose it, becomes a threat. Suddenly, one moment, one imagines that it might be better to give up life than thus at great expense of suffering and terror to keep it. And then, as suddenly, something human grips the heart, and—no, no; life, life, at any cost!

The woman with the shawl now pinned stragglingly about her neck, finally made her way to the ship's side, pushing before her the dazed, despairing, half-conscious, limply stepping actress. The two were assisted to the last slippery, precarious, loosely constructed raft. They were the only women left, and two men were their companions. Miss McFeeley was dressed in a nightgown and a skirt, and her collar was torn to the shoulder, revealing a thin neck and startling collar-bone. A diamond neck-lace had concealed these defects when the footlights might have rendered them conspicuous.

The women sat close, hand in hand, while the two men, each with an oar, put distance between the raft and the ship.

"It seems to me, mother, that I'm in a dream," feebly said the younger woman. She was deathly pale and leaned against



Drawn by George Gibbs "THE TWO STRUGGLING MEN WERE BEATEN ON THE HEAD, SAVAGELY THRUST IN THE BREAST, . . . AND THE RAFT, BEARING THE TWO LONE WOMEN, SEEMED TO FLOAT AWAY AND AWAY UP ONE OF THE SHINING RIVERS."

her temple, and, as if she might have upon her forehead.

She continued, closing her eyes: "I'm glad to dream when the dream brings me back to you. How has it happened that you're here, dear mother - dear, dear mother?"

The older woman put her arm round the slender shoulders and drew down upon her bosom the young head with its loosened dark hair. "Why, Mary, yer fawther died at last, an' Hi was longin' for the hold country. Hi most clemmed [starved], but their cooing lips, and the men smote with

the other. Blood slowly trickled down chist an' the wardrobe an' the other bit sticks o' furnishing, an' coom to the ship. stumbled and fallen, there was a wound Hi saw ye las' night before Hi suspicioned ye was anywhere by, an' Hi said God was good. Now 'E lets me 'old ye in my harrums again an' Hi ain't another blessin' to ask of 'Im. The 'appiest days that ever Hi seen was when Hi give ye milk from this breast. Now yer 'ead's in its hold place."

Another silence fell between the two, and the bright sun rose in the east and with pale gold flooded the waters. The baby waves put to the edge of the raft Hi saved bit by sit, an' Hi sold the drawer- their oars the waves. One of the men rose and, with one hand shading his eyes, looked long and carnestly about.

"The ship's gone!" he announced. "Yes, the boats are still in sight. God, if we could reach one! This raft won't hold long." He pointed to the water seeping up between the cracks, and sitting down he resumed his oar.

"Mother, I'd like to tell you-" said

Mary, in a trembling voice. "Many a time I've thought it all out. The trouble was at first father's beatings. I never forgot the blow that gave you that scar on the mouth. When I thought of the scar. I was afraid. I found the street pleasanter than home. The people took to calling me 'Mamie,' and by and by a street preacher taught me to sing a gospel song. After I had sung it with him a few times on the street corners, I went into a hall and sung the same song-that and others like it. And oh!" she sighed, "when I went away I didn't think I was striking you a heavier blow than father's hand ever gave!"

She opened her eyes and shuddered, yet nestled her head as if she found upon her mother's breast a certain content.

Mrs. McFeeley's hand tenderly patted the thin shoulder. "Hi've stuthied it hall out," she replied, "an' Hi'm sure hit was hall along o' yer cuteness. Ye built ver carakter on bein' cute. Good carakters ain't built that way, darlin'." She straightened with the air of the consciously virtuous woman as she added: "No wan iver said annythin' again me, but it was workin' an' elemmin' an' selfdenyin' that Hi kep' my reppytation on. Hi cudden't fail when them was my foundation-stones. Fawther Sullivan said so, an' the fawther was wise. When Hi married Tim McFeeley, Hi 'ad liberty to remain in the Church of Hengland, but Hi always 'ad respect to my 'usband's religion. Fawther Sullivan took yer first confession, Mary; also 'e often counseled me in the matter of yer fawther at 'ome.'

By and by upon the raft the sun grew warm, dried the wet clothing of the four and drew the chill out of their bones. On the water there seemed to be paths like white rivers leading away to safety. It sure the repentant thief must have felt the was the sunshine glancing upon the smooth pangs of conscience before ever he came on surface extending everywhere. The whole the cross to realize the truth. And at the world seemed hushed. It is very still last, when I was in deadly peril, Jack

upon the ocean when there are only baby waves sucking like little lips upon the under side of a raft.

The women slightly changed their position, but clung together as if one could keep the other upon their frail float. Nothing but boards between them and the bottom of the ocean-"the deep unfathomed caves."

"I'm afraid of the things in the water underneath," said Mary, trembling, and she pressed still closer to her mother.

"Hit's not us as is goin' down; we're goin' hup, deary-think o' that," Mrs. McFeeley returned, as if she were triumphing over a long-fought enemy.

"This raft's too heavy - loaded, anyhow," one of the men remarked, pointedly, and the other glanced meaningly at the two women as though they were the extra load.

"I remember Father Sullivan's favorite story about the thief on the cross," said Mary, turning to memory as people in extremity will turn. "He told me never to forget that even at the last moment I could repent, and if I truly repented, be forgiven. I repented long ago; if this is my last day, may I now be forgiven? Couldn't I confess to you, mother? I haven't been to confession in a long time. You see, I was so busy!"

She put up her hand and weakly attempted to smooth the hair that had drifted on her cheek, and her fingers caught and stayed in its heavy tangles. It was quite evident that managers in London would never deal with Miss McFeeley.

There was an anxious, pitying, hopeful hush before the mother suggested eagerly, vet half timidly, and with her face in delicacy turned away: "Yer fawther was niver sober, an' 'e niver paid the rent nor fur-nished the sup, but 'e married me accordin' to the law an' accordin' to 'is church. 'E made me respectable, Mary."

Mary, if it were possible, grew a shade paler, and it cost her an effort to reply stammeringly. "I-I-we-Heaven have mercy! God knows I regretted the life I lived," she breathed, pleadingly.

forgot me, and left me on the ship to be remembered by the old mother that once I forgot! Mother, in the day that you come into your reward don't forget your little girl, will you?"

"It's a fond [silly, useless] question ye're askin'; sure, darlin', niver. But look to Some One besides another poor sin-

ner to save ye."

The older woman was in spirit like a rock for strength—firmly founded, indomitable. She could wreck the frail spirit craft depending upon her, but, with infinite and skilful love, she anchored it instead. "Look to Some One else besides another poor sinner!" she said again, smoothing her rough hand over the long hair that now swept like a cloak around her daughter's form.

"Lord, remember me!" prayed Mary, tremulously, and a long silence fell between the two. Silence is praying-ground.

The stillness was broken roughly. "Tawm!" exclaimed one of the men, pointing into the gleaming horizon.

"By the mark, Snooky, but it's one o' the ship's boats; p'r'aps she'll see us," excitedly returned Tom.

It became clear that the boat had seen them. From a floating spot she grew into a dark shape, then a moving thing. Finally, she was an object with plying oars and filled with people whose faces gradually resolved into more or less of familiarity. Fear-stamped women and men were huddled in the boat. They were partially clad, for the wreck had been sudden. Many were tear-stained, but the most had already realized the inefficiency of tears.

The dark hair and eyes of a man leaning eagerly over the side of the laden boat were accentuated by the whiteness of his collar-less shirt. "Mame!" he called, when within hearing distance.

"Mother!" Mary replied, fixing her imploring gaze firmly upon the strong face above her and clutching convulsively at Mrs. McFeeley's enclosing arms.

"There's room in this boat for one more, Mame," continued Jack, hurriedly. "I've begged the place for you, and at the risk of our lives we've come back. Be quick—these people may change their minds any minute. Jump into the water and we'll take you in—come, dear."

Miss McFeeley swallowed with difficulty and straightened to a sitting posture, pushing away from her her mother's arms. "Not room for two?" she called, in a loud voice.

"I'm sorry—we're all sorry—but we're crowded in like cattle—loaded to the edge, as you can see!" explained Jack,

with impatient pleading.

The woman's face in gaunt outline—its trickle of blood, its prominent squirrelteeth, its nose springing too soon from the forehead—repulsed the man. There were no more piquancy, no cuteness, no "fetching" air, now to blind the observer. Yet Jack did not flinch. Though in one desperate moment he had forgotten her, he was loyal to their past, let their future be what it would.

"Come, Mame," he called, reaching forth his hands. "I've had hard work to get this shipwrecked crew to come up to you. Come on; slip easy off the raft so as not to upset it, and we'll pick you up."

"Young woman, you don't know this crew!" called a strange voice, impatiently. "If you're coming with us, don't you

stop for any more parleying."

It was a strong test to repentance, but a weak and fearful woman was equal to the test. "Jack, this is my mother," said Mary McFeeley, in that one exalted moment atoning for years of desertion and neglect. "By accident she took passage in the ship with us. We'll take chances together. Good-by, Jack; I'll stay with my mother."

"Don't throw this chance away! Your mother may be picked up by some one else. Oh, Mame, come!" Jack urged. Danger and fear had, after reflection, accentuated mentally and physically the man's good points, and if ever he had been kind, he was kinder now; if he had been good-looking, now he was not worse- but better-looking.

Then began a tragedy of the sea. A mutiny arose in the boat. The already despairing crew would wait no longer. The ready oars dipped and the water swished dangerously near to the boat's rim. The raft suddenly tipped and the women clung with their finger-nails to the rough boards. They were alone upon the raft.

The two sailors had leaped into the sea,

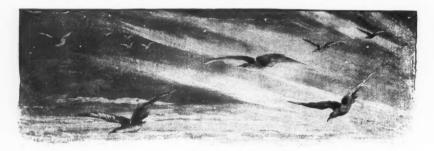
each meaning to get for himself that one one of the onlookers knew or cared. These place in the boat. They swam a few lengths side by side. At least one must be left. . Which one-Tom with the red hair, or Snooky with the black beard spreading Esau-like upon his bared chest? With oars they were pushed away, and the women in the boat began to scream. The two struggling men were beaten on the head, savagely thrust in the breast, struck even under the water. Finally Snooky came up with blood upon his black beard, and Tom choked while endeavoring to shout a last word. They grasped at each other-whether in anger and jealousy or as drowning men grasp at a straw, no

thought of their own safety.

Jack sat with his shoulders up and his head down. His face was in his hands and his frame shook with sobs.

The boat went off upon the wide plain of the sea, and the raft, bearing the two lone women, seemed to float away and away up one of the shining rivers flowing between green banks of sea. It is a sure and a safe voyage, the voyage to paradise!

That night there were clouds and the next day a storm, and --! But, in eternity, what cared the repentant thief for the dangers and sufferings of his human



## THE HOROSCOPE.

BY ELSA BARKER.

O RADIANT angel of my ruling star! Read me the story of the horoscope That sent Love to me, for I darkly grope Before the secret of the calendar That ushers in to-morrow. Is it far-The day that wears my diadem of hope, When I shall know Love's plenitude and scope, And all its hidden wonders as they are?

How blinded are we mortals by our birth !-As impotent in rapture as in sorrow The capital of Destiny to borrow, Whatever wealth our future may be worth. And though I gave the glory of the earth, I could not buy one whisper of to-morrow!



Drawn by V. A. Svoboda.

### THE DELIGHTS OF AERIAL NAVIGATION.

BY PAUL NOCQUET.

A BALLOON! The word recalls to the minds of most people a dangerous, even fatal contrivance, costing the life of him who makes use of it—a veritable Moloch devouring all who are bold enough to trust themselves in his clutches.

An error! An error like everything else that is judged in ignorance. Aerostation is, of course, a science, especially when regarded from the viewpoint of its development, but taken from the side that appeals purely to the sensations it becomes an inexhaustible source of the purest and most suave delight, of the most agreeable emotions it has ever been given a human being to experience.

In the first place, the very fact of quitting the earth, where so much hatred and so many homicidal struggles have brought shame on human nature, is an essential point. Then, the finding of oneself alone, in the immensity of limitless space, annihilates within one any feeling of vainglory and the unhappy memories of terrible hours passed upon the surface of the ground, that terrestrial crust which supports so much misery.

Above it we experience the calm, the paradisaical quiet, the feeling of immensity, the ecstatic sensation of celestial things—in short, the delight of being where God intended only his winged creatures to live.

The appearance of the earth as seen from a great height has a decided moral effect on the aerial voyager's soul. He perceives how small a place man occupies on the earth, which appears as a wonderful commingling of towns, woods, lakes and silver streams, the whole spectacle filtered through a clear, effulgent medium, the incomprehensible, marvelous purity of the atmosphere.

Then there are the pleasant, captivating surprises of the journey. Sometimes one passes through sheets of clouds which give the sensation of being in an immense cathedral built of snow. Columns and porticos of vapor are worked into the fabric in forms of architecture truly divine. The rays of the sun transfuse them at times, whereupon they become iridescent with the brilliant colors of the rainbow. The impression produced is all the more intense because of the state of solitude in which we receive it. We are alone-overwhelmingly alone-in the great joy of an unparalleled quiet, far from all sordid contact with humanity.

If one travels at night, by moonlight, the spectacle is one of even heightened grandeur. I remember once on a nocturnal balloon trip to have beheld the most magnificent sight it were possible to imagine. Amid a sepulchral silence the air-ship

proceeded slowly toward a milky shell automobile than by balloon. A good aerowhich cast upon the sleeping earth a shadow of strange form. Soon my companion and I entered this cloud. Scarcely were we within, when we saw what resembled a great snow grotto. Immense stalactites hung here and there, equally large stalagmites emerged from the flaky floor, and the moonbeams played among these fantom shapes, casting weird shadows on the moving walls of this awe-inspiring cave.

Not a sound but our regular breathingand pure ecstasy filled our souls, making us feel that we were in God's own domain and within a temple erected by himself to his own glory. When we had passed through this cloud, so fruitful of emotions, we experienced a real regret because we might not live and die within it, and we both looked sorrowfully back at the fleecy mass hung suspended amid the shadows

of the night.

The most lively emotions for an aeronaut, after the hours passed in the air, are those of the descent. An experienced aeronaut can always descend where he will, because he will take the proper precautions. will choose his locality in the direction in which the wind is driving him; he will avoid a difficult landing for the sake of his passengers as well as for himself; and if, in spite of every precaution, a treacherous breeze is suddenly encountered close to the earth to make the operation a critical one, he will, with one pull of the escape-valve cord, cause the monster gently to stretch its whole length upon the ground, without the passengers feeling the least shock.

Then quickly come running all the inhabitants of the locality in which you have descended, and you are embarrassed in your choice of charitable offers of hospitality from those who have watched your descent. The excitement of seeing an air-ship drop among them from the sky takes away any sordid spirit of gain, and it is with remarkable effusion that they thank you for the pleasure of having

witnessed such a spectacle.

Many people are averse to aerial navigation, because they believe it to be very perilous, and one cannot restrain a pitying smile when one sees these same people riding at prodigious speed in an automobile. It is more dangerous to travel by learn how to philosophize."

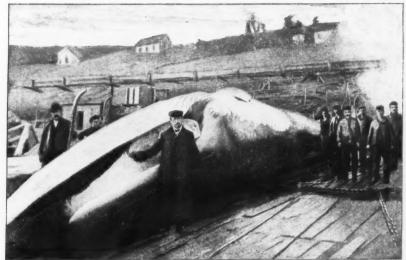
naut will never set out unless the weather is propitious; and again, he will always guard against any act of temerity which might endanger his passengers.

There is also the fear of vertigo that prevents many people from indulging in this sport, which is the most intense known for its multiform sensations, and also the most useful for the development of thought.

Vertigo is not experienced in a balloon, for the feeling of dizziness is caused chiefly by the unpleasant sensation of seeing the perspective of any tall building or monument on which we may be standing diminish toward the ground. In a balloon one is always at the center of a circle which constantly enlarges as the altitude increases; and as the horizon always appears above the horizontal line of sight, the higher one ascends the more strongly the curious illusion of a concave earth is produced. We seem to be suspended in the center of an enormous bowl.

On the day when lovers of the Beautiful in the broadest sense, those who enjoy the exquisitely disturbing sensations afforded by contemplation of the splendors of nature, will take the trouble to try an aeronautic ascent-on that day aerostation will have taken a great stride toward the future, for every neophyte will become a new adept devoted to these journeys, and every time he comes back to earth he cannot fail to repeat that it is less dangerous to take aerial trips than to thread one's way, by foot, cab, automobile or car, through cities like New York, London or Paris; and thus he, in his turn, will aid others to enjoy these matchless emotions.

In Paris, aerostation has made enormous From the aerodrome of the progress. Aero Club of France we make nearly a thousand trips a year, in good season and bad. And ladies, too, are not the most timid on these expeditions. We take many with us, and they have not words enough to express the pleasure these extraordinarily beautiful journeys give them. Montaigne has said, "To philosophize is to learn how to die." We may say without hesitation that had he been permitted to experience the sensation of an aerial journey he would have added, "And to float in the air is to



A SLIP. THE MAN'S HAND IS ON THE BALEEN, THE'" WHALE-BONE" OF COMMERCE. HUMPBACK WHALE HAULED OUT ON

## WONDERFUL WHALE-HUNTING BY STEAM.

By P. T. McGrath.

HUNDREDS of whales are now being fleet of thirty steamers is employed, and a killed annually in the Newfoundland seas, and a most lucrative pursuit it is found. Although the industry was set on foot only in 1898, and but four small steamers are now employed, yet within a year or two, when more ships are added, a kill of one thousand annually will be achieved. These whales, larger than the sperm or arctic species, are the largest living objects that inhabit the ocean.

The Newfoundland plan is to operate a small steamer from the coast, which, after killing its prey, tows it back to land, where a "factory" or refinery converts the blubber into oil and the flesh and bones into guano. The Norwegians originated this enterprise, and on their coast it has attained surprising dimensions in thirty years. In 1885 no less than one thousand two hundred and ninety-eight whales were killed, but through the gradual extermination they have become more rare, so that in 1900 only four hundred and ninetyeight were taken. Still, the business is so economically conducted (and Iceland is now providing a whaling-ground) that a

kill of twenty-five fish is a paying one for any of these.

To the average landsman a whale is a whale, and nothing more. All whales look alike to him, and are only bigger fish than others. While this paper is not a scientific treatise, the presentation of a few facts regarding these creatures will enable the reader to follow it more intelligently.

First, then, a whale is not a fish, but a marine mammal, probably descended from hoofed animals, which, ages ago, took to

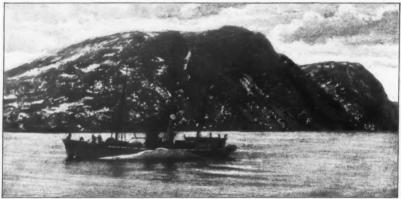


MOUNTED ON THE BOW STEAM WHALER.

aquatic life-at first in fresh water and afterward in the open sea. The fishlike form of these gigantic creatures is entirely due to the conditions under which they live, and is in no sense indicative of relationship. Their fins are merely remnants of the pedal extremities formerly used, and they suckle their young as do cows. In the second place, whales naturally fall into two great groups-those with teeth, and those which possess none, but have the upper jaws fringed with baleen, the whalebone of commerce. The first group comprises the cachalots, or sperm-whales, immense creatures whose enormous caselike heads are furnished with formidable jaws armed with colossal teeth. Their pursuit forms

five feet long and they were very difficult to kill by the old-time methods, the chase of them was not taken up until the failing of the arctic "fishery" compelled the hunters to look abroad for other quarry.

No marine enterprise has attracted such world-wide attention, or has been accompanied with such dramatic and hazardous incidents, as whale-hunting in its various forms. The chase of the rorquals off Newfoundland introduces new aspects and changed conditions, exciting enthusiasm and providing adventure without involving the hazards attending the old-time pursuits. Then a whaling-cruise meant a two or three years' voyage in a lumbering, bluffbowed ship, cut off from the world and an industry distinct altogether from that subjected to every discomfort. Now a man



WHALING-STEAMER TOWING HER PRIZE TO PORT. THE PARTICULAR SHIP IS NINETY-EIGHT FEET LONG, AND THE WHALE NINETY-TWO FEET, THE LARGEST EVER KILLED.

treated here. The second group is divided into Greenland whales, or bowheads, and finners or rorquals, the latter comprising bluebacks, or sulphur-bottoms, finbacks These three, grouped and humpbacks. together under the generic name of rorquals, are the ones found and hunted in Newfoundland waters.

The Greenland, arctic, black, or "right" whales (to distinguish them from their less valuable kindred) are restricted to the circumpolar seas. They supply the best whalebone, or baleen, which is usually ten and occasionally fifteen feet long, the arched formation of their heads admitting of these extreme lengths. The rorquals are widely dispersed over the waters of the globe, but as their baleen is but three to products of every item of its anatomy.

can start at daybreak, have all the sport of the hunt and return at nightfall with one or two, and sometimes four or five, dead "fish" in tow. These are the spoils of a venture that in keenness of interest, vim and dash cannot be exceeded by any encounter with whales in other seas, save that the element of personal danger, the spice of peril which arises in attacking such ocean leviathans from small boats, is lacking. Rorqual-hunting typifies the triumph of modern businesslike methods over antiquated standards. Excitement, variety, sport, adventure-these are secondary considerations, the essential factor being the speedy and certain kill of the creature and the ultimate conversion into marketable



BLUBBER, BUT WITH FLESH STILL ON.

of former days. The pitiful stone lance and skin boat of the Eskimo, the rude weapons and frail skiffs of the Basques, the cumbrous appliances and heavy craft of the Dutch and Muscovites, the handharpoon and rowboat of the deep-sea whalemen of later years, all have served their turn and must now give place to more perfect devices of chase and destruction. Indeed, they would not suffice for the hunting of the rorquals at all, for these are the fiercest of all the whale tribe. The arctic whale is timid and inoffensive to a degree, so that a bird alighting on its back is oftentimes sufficient to send it off in alarm. It is aroused only by its maternal instinct, and will defend its young with the

greatest boldness. But the rorqual is fearless and inquisitive, and has not yet learned to fear its greatest enemy. On the Grand Banks these giant creatures are to be seen in hundreds, right among the fishing - schooners, indifferent to the presence of vessels or skiffs, and in their pranks occasionally overturning the bankmen's dories, or, getting entangled in their trawls, towing boats, lines and moorings for miles, until the fishermen cut the rope and allow the whale to make off with their gear.

The rorqual-hunter is a swift, stanch, specially built little steamer of one hundred tons, making twelve knots on a daily coal consumption of three tons. She costs twentyfive thousand dollars when ready for sea; and two important items in her equipment are her harpoon-gun and her whaling-line. A truly formidable weapon is this gun. It is the invention of an expert Norwegian whaler named Foyn. The gun is a short muzzle-loading cannon, fixed on the bow of the ship. It works horizontally in a semicircle, and can also be raised or depressed at will, giving an

Science has superseded the crude methods effective command of the waters dominated by the approaching ship. Into this gun the harpoon is fixed, upon the cartridge of gunpowder which expels it. The harpoon is a massive bolt some six feet long, consisting of a head, body and tail. head is a conical projectile, filled with explosive, imbedded in which is a timefuse that fires the shell two seconds after it strikes the whale. The body consists of four stout arms or barbs, fixed at right angles to one another but fastened together like a bundle of sticks. The tail is a shaft extending rearward, and to this the line is fastened-a piece of pliant, fiveinch manila, light but strong, specially woven and subjected to powerful tests before being used.



G" THE CARCASS. THE OUTER PORTION OF BLUBBER RIPPED OFF WITH A LONG KNIFE, AND SENT TO A SFEAM-TANK, WHICH EXTRACTS THE OIL. IS STRIPPED OFF

The range of the harpoon is ninety feet, and the ship must approach within that distance of the fish to make an effective shot. The gun is fired with a trigger contrivance, and with a flash, a boom and to its mark. As the pointed head of the the harpoon, no matter what plunges the thousand five hundred dollars.

of killing others, the first is cast adrift, a man in a boat being put out with it to establish ownership, while the ship goes on her hunt again, picking it up on her return. The "Viking" took five daily for a thud the bolt is sent with unerring aim three consecutive days this season, and the "Humber" got forty-one in two weeks. harpoon bores its way into the whale's The sulphur-bottom is most keenly purbody, the shock of the impact sets in mo- sued, being often as valuable as three of tion the time-fuse, and two seconds later the others. One which was killed recently the shell explodes. It also breaks the measured eighty-seven feet, had a covering spun-yarn, and the arms, or crossbars, fly of fat seven inches thick and filled sixty apart, getting imbedded in the whale's barrels of oil. The aggregate value of this flesh and making it impossible to withdraw "fish" in oil, baleen and guano was one Specimens



A WHALE ON THE SLIP, BEING DRAWN UP BY MEANS OF LOGGING-CHAINS AND WINCH.

victim may attempt, so that he is firmly nearly, if not fully, as large are taken by rarely happens. The rope runs over a steamwinch with a powerful break or clutch, by means of which the whale is played till exhausted, as the angler "plays" his fish. It is then lanced, to make death certain.

When the whale is dead it floats a little while, but would soon sink only that a hole is bored into its interior, into which a pipe is fixed from the engine and the body is filled

"fast" unless the rope breaks, which the other factories, and there is keen competition between them for the honor of killing the biggest whale.

When the harbor is reached, the victim is dragged up a slanting wharf, by means of logging-chains and an immense winch. Then the carcass is "flensed" - i. e., stripped of its outer coating of blubberby men armed with long-handled knives, the blades of which resemble cutlasses. with air to give it buoyancy. The hole is Great strips or blankets of fat are torn off, then plugged and the creature attached by which are cut into smaller pieces, tossed chains to the ship to be towed home. If into the buckets of an elevator and on whales are plentiful and there is a chance reaching the top of the factory dumped

into a mincer, whence the mass falls into the steam-tanks which extract the oil. meat and skeleton bones are similarly treated, and when all the oil has been obtained the remaining material is ground up and makes an excellent guano. Every particle of the whale is converted to use; the baleen from the mouth and the flexible fins being removed, to be cleansed, dried and baled for export as whalebone. Each factory is able to dispose completely of four large whales daily, and "wash down" at nightfall with every process finished. About eighty men

are employed in each station, and ten in each ship; and it is noteworthy that whale-oil, like cod-oil, is a substantial antidote to pulmonary disease. Men with incipient tuberculosis have been employed at these factories, and after laboring for a few weeks over the fumes of the immense oil-overs, have thrown off the symptoms of the disease.

and in a good year will make two thousand five hundred dollars. The cetaceans have not yet been scared off the coast, so the boat need not put out till near daylight, when a twenty-mile dash to sea will place her on their feeding-grounds. In the weeks over the fumes of the immense oil-overs, have thrown off the symptoms of the disease.

It takes a quick eye, firm nerve, nimble mind and shrewd judgment for whale-hunting. Norway having followed it for thirty years and Newfoundlanders being only in training, the ships are crewed with Norwegians for the first three years. The skipper is usually the gunner also, and sleepless and untiring is his vigilance, for he gets stated sums for every whale he kills



THE HEAD OF A HARPOON, THE PROJECTILE WHICH, CHARGED WITH EXPLOSIVE AND A TIME-FUSE, IS FIRED FROM THE HARPOON-GUN.



THE MARKINGS ON A WHALE'S BODY AS THEY APPEAR AFTER THE OPERATION OF "FLENSING."

five hundred dollars. The cetaceans have when a twenty-mile dash to sea will place her on their feeding-grounds. In the crow's-nest at her topmast-head is a lookout, and when the dawn breaks the prey are soon sighted. The ship steams slowly toward the mighty creatures gamboling in the waves. They will sometimes, in their ungainly pastime, project themselves half out of water and drop back again with a resounding crash. Or they may be journeving by in quest of food, and the whaler approaches them diagonally. The chase of the timid bowheads in this way would be impossible, as they would take alarm at the advance of the steamer, but the bold and inquisitive rorquals disregard the ship.

So she steals close to the one chosen, and then the harpoon is fired. As if to an electric shock the whale responds to the blow, diving downward at terrific speed with a flurry of the sea that sets the whaler rocking wildly. The harpoon-line flies smoking out through the hawsepipe and a deckhand sluices it with water. Down the monster goes, one, two, three hundred fathoms, till he reaches bottom. Then the line slackens and he comes to the surface again. The water quivers before him as he rises head-first and with body athrob, launching himself clear out of the brine, while he bellows furiously with rage and agony. As he falls back on the

surface of the sea, he spouts a fan-shaped jet of blood and vapor, blazing red as the flames of a tar-barrel bonfire. His tail thrashes the water like a ponderous engine, his flukes beat a resounding rat-a-tat, his struggles disturb the ocean for acres; with deafening roars he darts and dives and twists and plunges, and then starts off at express speed, towing his one-hundred-ton drag of ship and lading behind him in the vain hope to escape from this unknown peril, to rid himself of the fearsome object that has torn into his vitals.

When he steams away, the steamer's engines are reversed to the full, but yet he forges ahead at a twenty-knot clip, a crimson wake alone showing that he is hit, until the loss of his life-current weakens him to exhaustion. If the shot reaches a vital part, death is very speedy—sometimes almost without suffering. But if he is hit elsewhere, he will probably prolong the struggle for hours.

A more thrilling spectacle it is difficult to imagine than a whaler "fast to a fish," to use the technical phrase. For three hours last summer, a colonial cruiser with a distinguished party aboard watched such a struggle in Placentia Bay. The whale was an eighty-foot blueback, full of pluck and vitality. He tore about the ocean at his best pace, diving at intervals, while awesome roars testified to his rage. He doubled and twisted, dived and leaped, rolled over and over, and thrashed the water into foam, in his efforts to get rid of the harpoon, and at the last he stiffened out and died after one expiring flurry in which he reddened the sea for half a mile around him, and sent a column of bloody spray full twenty feet in the air.

In the spring of 1903, a big bull sulphur-bottom which had been harpooned near the tail, towed the whaler "Puma" about Placentia Bay for twenty-six hours, covering one hundred and eighteen miles in its extraordinary journey. It raced from Merasheen to the shoals near Miquelon, then turned and crossed toward Cape St. Mary's, and rounding there raced back into the bay, being killed eventually not many miles from its starting-point. Such amazing vitality did the furious leviathan display, that the crew were worn out from anxiety, all keeping constant watch lest he

should double round and attack the ship. He did make several rushes, but his movements were detected and the ship avoided them. Then he would dive straight down, hoping to drag the boat under water, so that a man would have to stand by the line for some minutes with an ax, ready to cut it if the craft should be drawn below the Again, he would maneuver safety-point. about half a mile in advance of the ship, scaring away the trawlers on the cod-banks. and causing schooners in the offing, warned of danger by the red flag at the whaler's peak, to give a wide berth to the crazy monster and his unwilling tow. mately, the second forenoon, he was so spent and helpless that he was despatched with a second harpoon. Instances like this are rare, but near Dundee, Scotland, in January, 1849, a fifty-foot rorqual which entered the river Tay and was attacked there, towed two boats, a steam-launch and a steam-tug, seaward for twenty hours, and eventually broke clear from them, though they had fired into him a hand-harpoon, two gun-harpoons and several rockets. He was found dead two days later, entangled in a fisherman's nets, and was sold for eleven hundred dollars.

The gunners rarely miss altogether, though sometimes a second shot is necessary before a struggling whale is killed. It is not so easy a matter as may be thought to hit whales, big as they are, at thirty yards. For only a small portion of the back is exposed as they come up to breathe or lie at rest, and they are both rapid and tricky in their movements, diving just as the gun is trained on them. But for their curiosity, which is intense, they would not be taken half so easily. By nature they are bold, fierce and restless. When angered, they show violent temper. If wounded, their rush is terrific and sustained, and no creature makes so determined a fight for life or protracts it so tirelessly. One has but to see it to realize the force and truth of the assertion of the whalemen, that never could these rorquals be hunted successfully by rowboats and hand-harpoons. No boat would withstand them, no weapon less mighty than the present slav them.

An exciting adventure befell a whaler quite recently. She had approached a school of some thirty finbacks and

singled out one over eighty-seven feet the trough of sea she had raised. lazily floating at ease. The prize chosen was a cow, near which its calf was gamboling. The mother evidently suspected danger to her offspring rather than to herself, and watched the ship threateningly as it stole up. The harpooner therefore got a capital aim, and the bolt took her square in the side. With a roar that made the hills resound, the enraged creature sent her glittering steel-blue length through the water for half a mile in a spasm of fright, then turned like a torpedo-boat, straight for the little steamer. Furiously roaring and with jaws agape, throwing a wake behind her as an ocean liner in full career, she

long, the biggest in the herd, which lay was taken in tow, and the other whales poked their noses up and curiously followed the bleeding body for a little distance, as is their custom; but the calf was in anguish over the mother's indifference to it, and as it was big enough to injure the ship if it turned "ugly," it was also given a harpoon. The range was so short and the immature flesh so soft, that the projectile went right through its body. the line holding it in tow, and it had vitality enough in it to drag both the ship and its dead mother seaward until a boat was put out and it was speared.

Occasionally a whale is cut down and killed by a steamer. 'The "Sierra," in



A NEWFOUNDLAND WHALER WITH THREE PRIZES IN TOW.

sped along. But to cope with crises like these is not the least part of a whalingskipper's duty, and with a turn of the wheel and a twist of the screw, the ship was sent out of her path. But almost in an instant she was jerked around again by the line as the whale went by, with such was feared she would sink. or more behind her angry prey. Then the whale-meat. great dripping body flew up into mid-air,

December, 1902, on her way from Melbourne to San Francisco, cut into a large whale while going at full speed, holding the tortured creature on her stem until she backed astern and so got rid of him. Sometimes, too, the reverse occurs, as a year ago, when a whale charged and stove in the force that her lee rail was awash and it bark "Kathleen," which soon sank, her But she crew being adrift for days before being righted again, and was towed for a mile picked up, subsisting part of the time on

This is by no means unpalatable. On the creature circled round again and headed the contrary, it is much relished by the for the ship a second time. Once more hunters. A steak cut from behind the eye was she avoided, and now with a final of a young finback is as juicy and palataeffort she sprang aloft again, and tumbling ble as a piece of tenderloin or venison. It back with a frightful bellow, expired in is well known that the Biscayans in the

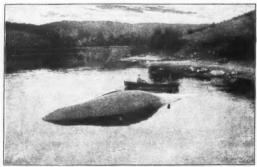
fifteenth century subsisted largely on whalemeat. Even to-day, in Norway there is an establishment for tinning whale-meat, and it is said to make excellent food. In other portions of Norway the poorer classes consume it, and farmers grind it and mix it with mashes for cattle, finding that it adds greatly to the richness of the milk. The Japanese are also very fond of whale-meat, and the steamer "Windward," which carried Peary to the arctic, was recently taken from Newfoundland to be used in whaling in the Japan seas. The first year a factory was started in Newfoundland, the cod-fishery failed in the neighborhood of the station, and scores of coastfolk for miles around came and took away boatloads of the meat, to help them face the long, hard winter.

Such was the fame of this Newfoundland whale factory, that the National Museum of Washington despatched a party of scientists there in June, 1903, to secure a complete plaster mold of a sulphur-bottom at least seventy-five feet long, from which to make a papier-mâché model for exhibit at the St. Louis Exposition this summer in the Natural History pavilion. The expedition was eminently successful, a bull whale seventy-eight feet long being taken at Balena factory, where the scientists established themselves. From this they made their cast, and after the flesh had been subsequently stripped from the carexhibited alongside the paper duplicate. The latter has been made at Washington, being put together in sections, to admit of the transport by rail to St. Louis, as no

railway-car could accommodate it complete. For the same reason, the skeleton had to be disjointed, except the head, which was taken whole, it making a package nineteen by nine and a half feet, and weighing five tons. They brought away pieces of the whale's skin, preserved in formalin, so as to reproduce the markings and colorations of the body; and they aim to model it in perfect anatomical proportions. The cost of the undertaking has been about seven thousand dollars.

The profits of this whaling enterprise are almost incredible. Some Norwegian companies have paid as high as three hundred per cent., and the Newfoundland ones are already paying forty to fifty. The baleen is worth eight hundred dollars a ton, the oil one hundred dollars a ton and the guano thirty dollars a ton. These prices amply compensate for the expenses and hazards of the hunt. The baleen is used in making whips, saddlery, corsets, dress materials and other goods. The fin-bones are converted into artificial feathers. goes to soak jute for manufacturing purposes, or becomes an ingredient in highclass soaps. The guano is in great demand as a fertilizer. The utilization of all these constituents is what makes the industry so successful; in old-time whaling, the carcass was abandoned once the blanket of blubber was stripped off.

been subsequently stripped from the carcass, they purchased the skeleton, to be exhibited alongside the paper duplicate. The latter has been made at Washington, being put together in sections, to admit of the transport by rail to St. Louis, as no



A WHALE, MOORED TO A BUOY, AWAITING ITS TURN TO BE CUT UP.



# INTELLECTUAL GERMANY OF TO-DAY.

BY WOLF VON SCHIERBRAND.

trait of German science, literature, art and scholarship of to-day is its realism, and in many cases, one might say, its materialism. Time was, and not so long ago, when it sounded almost like a reproach to of German intellectual effort, with idealism, because it was a drug in the German stricken Prussia of those days to the well-To-day, in every branch of knowledge, its German adepts, except those grown up before the war of 1870-71, do not exhibit that fault, if fault it be. While in this country, largely under the influence of former German teaching at the universities, idealism in higher education has wonderfully grown, in Germany development has been in the in the matter of public education. Now, opposite direction. Formerly, the German she is away behind the smaller German university and college professor was the poverty, and other old-fashioned traits. Now, the German professor looks as if he had stepped out of a fashion - platesmooth, matter-of-fact, sleek, muscular, fond of sport, of a fine Havana and of a fine dinner. He is in the enjoyment of a good, and in many cases of a large, income. the salary of a German secretary of state, tastes and aspirations. Many German pro-

/HAT might be called the distinctive Lenbach, the great portraitist, makes his half million and more a year, and his palatial home in Munich, as well as that of his confrère in art, Stuck, is a sight of the town, so picturesque and fine it is.

It used to be said that it was "the Pruscharge German science, and all other forms sian schoolmaster who won Sadowa and Sedan," and thus raised up the povertyto-do, proud country of to-day. If the saving be true, then Prussia has discharged a debt of honor, of gratitude, in a very shabby manner. The average salaries paid the teachers in common and middle schools are insufficient to support them and their families in anything like modest comfort. Prussia used to be in the lead in Germany states, and in many respects even behind butt of the comic papers, due to his France; and German pedagogues of note disregard of etiquette, his proudly worn have called attention to these facts of late years, and 'urnished abundant proof for their statements.

A great fight has been on for ten years past to reform the gymnasiums (preparatory colleges for the universities) and the "realschools" or "real-gymnasiums," especially in their curriculums and in the scope of His college and lecture dues often exceed their studies. The emperor has several times taken up the subject, believing that and he is frequently quite commercial in his too much Latin and Greek, Hebrew and ancient geography and history is taught, fessional men, inventors, physicians, et to the neglect of modern languages. cetera, earn from fifty thousand to two especially English, and of modern literahundred thousand marks per annum, ture and natural sciences, composition, et



GERHARDT HAUPTMANN

cetera. But though in one place, at least, in Frankfort-on-Main, an attempt has been successfully made in establishing so-called "reform gymnasiums," it has not been imitated elsewhere, notwithstanding the emperor once more took up the fight over three years ago. Old-fogyism has practically triumphed so far, and in the German gymnasium, the highest grade of preparatory school, English, the "world-language," remains not even on a par with ancient Hebrew. The latter must be taught from "Secunda" up (when the average pupil is about eighteen), if one's course of studies is in a certain direction. But English is an elective study, and may not be taken up at all. French is compulsory, however, from a low class upw rd.

German science is still the strongest in the world, I believe, and in almost every domain of the vast field she claims as her own names which stand out conspicuously, and a score of them which tower above all in their chosen field. But there again we meet a strange phenomenon, viz., these men great in knowledge are old, and achieved reputations before, or soon after, the Franco-Prussian war, and few have arisen during the last twenty years to take the place of the giants of intellect, such as Mommsen and Virchow. And whole

fields of science are now more or less neglected, obviously because there is little or no money in them. Philosophy and psychology and astronomy, for example, which used to be particular fields of German research, are neglected by the German university man of to-day. True, Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, and to some extent, too, Von Hartmann (of the "Philosophie des Unbewussten"), are still read, and Nietzsche at least has powerfully influenced the rising generation. But no new philosopher is heard of, no system is newly evolved.

Among the princes of German science, there are still men like Harnack, willing to go to the stake for his opinion, and Dilthey, with his Luther-like courage. There was Von Treitschke, recently dead, a man on whose words his auditors hung, a born inspirer and teacher of youth, and a historian whose works read like mighty epics. And Erich Schmidt and Hermann Grimm were men of similar caliber, men to whom their science was everything, wealth and reputation nothing. Then there are Prof. von Schiemann, the great Russian historian, and Prof. von Richthofen, the



ROBERT KOCH

great geographer, whose book on China is by far the best and most reliable even to-day. There is Prof. Ernst Haeckel, of Jena, the great author of "Force and Matter." Then there is Professor Delbrueck, university professor and editor of the best political monthly in Germany, the "Preussische Jahrbuecher" ("Prussian Annals"), and who was not afraid of committing lèsemajesté when the cause of good government seemed to demand it.

But you will also find men who have not been untainted with commercialism. There are Roentgen, who traded off his invention, born of an accident, to all the world for what it would fetch, who became a merchant dealing in his own monopolized ware; Doctor Schweninger (once Bismarck's physician, now owner of a high-priced sanitarium near Berlin), and Dr. Robert Koch, of cholera bacillus fame-all three strongly tinctured with commercialism. And there is Dr. Ernst von Halle, a clever gentleman who, from time to time, makes trips to this country, and on his return prints another book about the sociological, the political and economic, peculiarities of the United States, written in a vein he



ERICH SCHMIDT.



MAXIMILIAN HARDEN.

knows will please his German readers, i. e., full of sarcasm, abuse, and predictions of the downfall of the republic. I might go on and mention a great many more of these scientists between the ages of thirty and forty, the kind that seems to be in the ascendent now all over Germany, and for whom the name of "Streber"—i. e., ambitious, unscrupulous worldlings—has been invented in the country of their birth. But I wish merely to give an idea of the stuff these German scientists of the younger type are made of, not to describe them in full.

The vast field of literature, which in its entirety is probably the most correct barometer of the controlling thought and propelling sentiment of a nation, is in a curious state in Germany. It is evidently in a transition state, and it is interesting matter of conjecture what it will finally amount to. There are, of course, still many men and women of the old school in the arena, whom foreign readers of German literature would be likely to call typically German writers. There are Paul Heyse, recently out with a charmingly written autobiography, replete with anecdotes of a bygone age; Ernst Wichert, Wilbrandt and Ludwig Habicht, dramatists of good repute, and still working after old models. Wichert

his dramas are full of the daintiest sentimentality, and Wilbrandt is the author of Whitman, whose style found many admirers one of the most powerful modern tragedies in Germany, and the young talent began ("Die Tochter des Fabricius") and recently to grope in the dark for other mediums to wrote another fine play, "Der Weise von give their ideas and moods new expression, Palmyra." But the German press, and for new topics and for new sensations. likewise the public, condemned it, because it is too "bookish" for them. Ernst matter offered, and Sudermann was almost von Wildenbruch, whose descent is the simultaneous with Hauptmann in this.

same as the German emperor's, but on the illegitimate side, and who earns his bread by diplomatic office-holding, but in his leisure and for his amusement writes very good books, patriotic Hohenzollern dramas, and now and then a fine poem, also belongs in the main to the old school. Blumenthal, whose " Probepfeil " was many times performed in English in this country, and who wrote a number of clever society satires and brilliant comedies, and Lindau, who is also almost as well known here as

in Germany, are classed there with the old school. So is Arthur Fitger, of Bremen, whose somber "Die Hexe" ("The Witch") had quite a run here years ago.

There came a spirit of unrest, of disgust with the old hackneyed plots of stories and plays, and with the old forms of Hirschfeld's "Die Muetter," and likewise poetry, over the literary world in Germany.

was a criminal judge for many years, yet feeling was largely influenced and fostered by the "Jeune France," also by Walt This found first sound in the dramatic

> Both were unknown and friendless young men at the time-some ten or fifteen vears ago. But Hauptmann with his "Vor Sonnenaufgang" and Sudermann with "Die Ehre' not only made a sensation, but these two plays and those that quickly followed were like an entering wedge into the literary life of Germany. Hauptmann has by far the greater poetic power, and the most original one, and "Hannele" and "Die Weber'' ("The Weavers'') are masterpieces in their way.

These men had their imita-



HERMANN SUDERMANN.

tors, and some of them, like Paul Hirschfeld, Max Dreyer and Max Halbe, have a good deal of genius of their own. Halbe's "Jugend," strongly savoring of the German soil out of which it grew, is a pathetic and strong drama, and so is Drever's "Der Probecandidat." A place or at least the young generation. This by himself is occupied by Ludwig Fulda,

a wealthy young banker, but also a very advanced. She resembles, in more than original poet and dramatist.

Although death has of late thinned the considerably, removing some of the best of the "new dramatists" is "naturalism," so it is, too, with the young poets and Ada Christen, who is original and weird; novelists and all other writers. The new influence told even upon literary scientists, like Professor

Boelsche. The latter, for example, wrote a book, "Liebesleben in der Natur, "which is a perfect marvel of treating strictly zoological subjects in a fascinating, literary style-realism made charming. Of the well-known German novelists, there is still Spielhagen, productive as ever, and always entertaining; Rabe, with his weirdly sympathetic stories of bygone days; Julius Rodenberg, charming when in a reminiscent mood; Hans Hopfen; Felix Dahn, still chewing the cud of his historical novels taken from the early medieval period of Teutonism, especially the time between A. D. 200 and 600. Then we have Peter Rosegger, in a way

very popular "Jorn Uhl." Baroness Maltzahn, who writes under a nom de plume, and Natalie von Eschstruth are the heiresses, both in style and in popularity, of Marlitt major part of these ultra prophets of a new and Muehlbach, and in that sense are the most successful of women writers in Germany; while the Baroness Ebner-Eschenbach is genius. Standing in the front rank,

one respect, George Eliot. Ossip Schubin also belongs to the women writers of ranks of German novelists of the older era Germany classed with the old school, while among the women who have thrown ones, the crop of them remaining is, in in their lot with the young generation of truth, still large enough. As the watchword litterateurs may be mentioned Frau Meyer Foerster, who is dainty and spirituelle; Dora Duncker, Ida Boy-Ed, E. Vely, Ilse Frapan, and others. Theodor Fontane Haeckel and Wilhelm occupies a place of his own. His style as

a poet of no mean pretensions is graceful, picturesque and pathetic. As a novelist, though, he is altogether sui generis, his plots being usually of the thinnest, but his manner of treating his subject being delightful -humor, pathos, racy and charming dialogue, and original aperçus, varying in a manner seldom reached by a German writer, and for part of which doubtless his French Huguenot blood is responsible.

The new school of German poets and novelists can be only touched upon here, although the subject is interesting enough to deserve other treatment. Thev represent different currents of thought

Berthold Auerbach's successor, and excel- and literary taste, and the extremists among ling him in genuine naïveté of sentiment. them, influenced by Verlaine, Strindberg, Then there is Gustav Frensen, author of the Ibsen, Tolstoy, Gorky, and others, now and then give the impression of "inspired idiots, "as a leading German critic expressed it. Nevertheless, there is, even among the literary ideal, a more or less strong undercurrent of talent and, in several cases, of fully appreciated only by the intellectually among the poets, are Richard Dehmel, Arno



PROFESSOR DILTHEY.

Holz, Prince Schönaich-Carolath, Heinrich Siedel, Martin Groeif, Rudolf Baumbach and Johanna Ambrosius. Rudolf Baumbach's tramp songs opened a new vein in contemporaneous German literature, and were wonderful in their way-rollicking, melancholy; and in every mood they are as if drawn from the pure spring of folk-song. Among the prose writers who deserve special mention are Hans von Wolzogen, Otto Erich Hartleben, Von Ompteda, Baron Detlev von Liliencron, Conrad Telmann, Kretzer, Tovote, Von der Planitz, Johannes Trojan. Dagobert von Gerhardt ("Amyntor"), Heinrich Lee, Arthur Zapp, Johannes Cotta, Adalbert Meinhardt, and a score of others. Wolzogen is one of the most extraordinary personages, both as a man and as a writer. Some of his work ranks very high, while much of it is marred by the most serious defects. Arthur Zapp, who graduated from this country, is one of the most productive as well as varied writers of the new school, and he made a specialty for a time in combating, with some success, the ultra-military spirit of the nation. Heinrich Lee is one of the most successful and amiable feuilleton writers and of racy, charming novels. A former Saxon cavalry officer, Von Ompteda is now considered a shining light in the field of Ger-



ADOLPH MENZEL.



REINHOLD BEGAS.

man light literature, while an ex-comrade of his, W. von Polenz, has written some remarkably strong books of strictly naturalistic tendencies. His domain is especially German peasant life, "Der Buettnerbauer" being probably his best work. Liliencron is a poet of the first order, though much of his verse would not furnish reading adapted for young ladies' So much is his eminence seminaries. recognized all over Germany that his admirers, the poet being in financial straits, had no trouble in collecting a fund for him-a most unusual thing in Germany. Another strong writer is Ottomar Enking, whose "Die Ikariden" seemed to promise much for the future. Richard Dehmel is the head of a poetic school of its ownmystic, impressionist; and the ablest of his pupils, Arno Holz, has written some remarkable things, notably for the "Freie Buehne," of Berlin. It must not be forgotten that there are also, among this new literary blood of Germany, a number of excellent humorous writers. I will name such men as Julius Stinde, Julius Stettenheim, Sigmar Mehring, R. Schmidt-Cabanis, Alexander Moszkowski and Otto Julius Bierbaum. Stinde wrote a number of books which moved all Germany to laughter and tears, and which in their way are classics. Hartleben, again, on account of his eccentricities and his somewhat naughty escapades often styled in literary



CONRAD ROENTGEN.

circles of Berlin "the bête noire of the Muses," is an erratic genius. Lately he spent some time in a private insane-asylum, yet that does not alter the fact that his military drama, "Rosenmontag," proved the strongest attraction of a recent theatrical season. He is a thorough bohemian, and when in funds spends lavishly. Kretzer, a Berlin man, who like Hauptmann married wealth and therefore can afford to write when and what it pleases him, made a great literary hit, a couple of years ago, with his "Das Gesicht Christi" ("The Face of Christ"), one of the most daring things in modern literature in this particular semireligious vein.

The same spirit of unrest, the same reaching out after new methods, ideas and technique, which characterizes the German literature of the hour, and with the same uncertain grasp, is strongly noticeable in German art. Varying currents are perceptible, warring with one another. the new men, whose frequently disordered fancy and odd methods inspire the German emperor with a distinct dislike, just as their brethren of the pen do, the emperor and the Prussian government have shown no favor. It will be remembered that the emperor, against the verdict of the literary committee chosen by all Germany, year after year withheld the Schiller prizethe highest bestowed annually on the most eminent work in dramatic literature-from Gerhardt Hauptmann, for his "Versunkene Glocke," and finally awarded the prize to

Wildenbruch, for one of his Hohenzollern dramas; and the same treatment was by him accorded the new school in art, the so-called "Secessionists." All the favor of court and government has been showered upon the representatives of the past-men like Anton von Werner, the portraitist and war painter; upon Menzel, whose favorite subject, Frederick the Great and his court and generals, endeared him especially to the Hohenzollern monarch; to a number of sculptors carrying out imperial orders to the letter. Menzel, who really is a wonderful genius, and in some ways the best painter produced in Germany for generations, not only was invested with a title of nobility and the highest Prussian decoration, but was honored also in every other possible way. About the antics and the erratic flights of the Secessionists, the emperor seldom loses an opportunity of expressing his displeasure. Yet, while the highest talent in Germany undoubtedly belongs to the old school in most essentials, there is, side by side with painters and sculptors who belong to the wildest impressionism or so-called realism and symbolism, a great deal of talent to be seen among the "young ones," and their wares are now finding ready takers there. Men like Von Uhde, Stuck, Walter Leistikow, Corinth, Kunert, Count Harrach, Gabriel Max, Marr, Hans Guenther and Hellgrewe may well stand side by side with their confrères



PROFESSOR EBERLEIN.

of older ideas and methods. Hans Bohrdt, the marine and historical painter; Schweitzer, the painter of snowy landscapes and big game, and Von Kossak, are, besides the above, the favorites of the emperor. Lenbach, whom I consider the greatest of living portraitists, fell into disgrace with the emperor many years ago, on account of his democratic views and because of his intense admiration of Bismarck, an admiration which he wore on his sleeve. Kunert and Hellgrewe are the best "colonial painters".-i. e., of scenes taken from the German colonies-just as the best "colonial writer" is Gustav Meinecke, editor of the "Coloniale Zeitschrift." A very good marine painter among the young ones is Alquist, of Hamburg. Professor Vogel is a painter who attains wonderful effects with casein pigments, notably in his historical and fresco work. Kalkreuth is one of the best naturalists of the Carlsruhe school, and Corinth scored a decided success with his "Herodias," a year ago. Slevogt, of Munich, is deemed by his admirers another Besnard. The plein-air style of painting, which for some years was all the rage in Germany, as it was in France, is now beginning to subside. The Secessionist school in Germany has, as in France, greatly altered not only the general style of painting, both in conception and execution, but also artistic public opinion.

German sculpture, never of a very high order, has sadly deteriorated during the last thirty years, and more particularly during the reign of the present emperor. In one sense, it is true, this branch of art has flourished as never before--viz., the sculptors have been overwhelmed with orders, and have made money. There has thousand. debased the standard of quality enormously, to the Thirty Years' War.

and it may be seen even in the works of Germany's most renowned sculptors to-day -Begas, Schaper, Eberlein, Uphues, Herter-even where no cheap contract rates bounded the ambition of the sculptor.

The stage in Germany just now is in a very fair condition, due in large measure to the enormous impetus given dramatic production, as well as intelligent public opinion, by the writers of the new school. All over the empire you will find good theaters, well patronized, with good or even excellent stock companies. The old romantic style of acting, whereof Haase was the last remaining great representative, is now out of the race. The men of talent that have come to the front of late all

belong to the realistic school.

The greatest change during the empire has probably been wrought in the matter of architecture and interior decoration. That has visibly come with the growth of wealth. Architecture, in the higher sense of the word, had had a poor home in Germany before the war, owing to the lack of great fortunes in private life, and to the slender public purse in nearly every part of the country, Munich and Dresden being about the only exceptions to this rule. For two decades, however, there has been an enormous improvement as to both private and public architecture. and Semper are the names which stand out most prominently when speaking of the new school of German architecture. new taste and a revival of the best medieval patterns have sprung up. Scores of able and talented architects, too, came to the surface, now that the fetters of rigid economy that had bound the craft for centuries had been burst. No greater contrast been a constantly growing demand for can be imagined than between the shabby, stone, brass, marble and cast-iron images cheap buildings, devoid of every kind of commemorating in some way the German embellishment, that formed the Berlin of victory over France in 1870-71 and those fifty years, even thirty years, ago, and the who had anything to do with bringing it majestic structures of to-day, which are about. Such jobs have been done by the doing much, every day they stand, to But it has been precisely this revive again that sense of beauty which plethora of them which has gradually Germany, next to the Italian municipal brought them down to the level of a low republics the wealthiest country then, mediocrity. This leveling-down process has possessed during the middle ages and up



### THE LAST SERPENT.

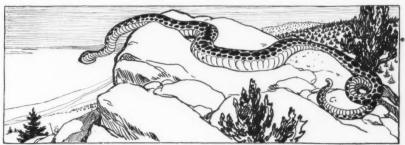
BY SEUMAS MACMANUS.

neither trace nor track of a sarpint in Irelan', because Saint Pathrick dhrove the last of them out. But them that tells this yarn doesn't know what they're talking about, for the last of them is still with us. On wan day-an' that a Pathrick's Day, too-in every seven years it's thrue to say Irelan's free of sarpints; but for the remainder of the seven years it's as false as Phil Rorty's poun' weight that turned the scale at thirteen ounces.

An' this is the tale of the last sarpint: When Pathrick was gatherin' off the sarpints with him, an' emptyin' them intil the four says, the good people of the county of Cavan sent word till him that there was wan very scoundhrily fella, the knowin'est sarpint an' worst rascal in Irelan', harborin' an' hidin' in their midst, away with the remainder. They sent word pints with him, an' that he was at that

A S often as there's fingers and toes on to Pathrick that for years they had been us, we hear every year that there's in terror of their lives with this fella, who moroded an' destroyed all afore him, aist, waist an' centher, wheresomever he took the notion; an' they begged for God's sake an' their sakes that he'd come an' hoist this lad off with him, an' put him where a Christian would never see his tail wag

Good Saint Pathrick, who never turned a deaf ear to a request from wan of his people-though he was at this time at Ballinasloe, where he was centherin' all the sarpints of Connaught afore headin' them off, all together like Brown's cows, for the say-lost little time till he spit on his staff an' started for Cavan. he come there, he l'arnt that the sarpint in question, bein' so outrageously knowin' entirely, had given him the slip, jookypakyin' among the scrubs, an' waltzin' mainin' for to get left behind, and have a round the glens out of his sight, at the fine time when Pathrick would have done time he'd been gatherin' the Cavan sar-



STHRETCHED HIS NECK OVER THE EDGE OF THE MOUNTAIN-TOP."

present instant takin' the air, an' his aise, on the top of Cuilcagh mountain, keepin' himself quiet an' well-behaved till Pathrick would cease from sarpint-dhrivin'.

"Niver mind," says the saint, says he; "I'll soon make him march without music," says he; "and, by my faith, if I don't help him along with this staff ye can call me Cormac. I'll give him," says he, "what Teddy gave the dhrum thon [yon] time—the father an' mother of a good sound ludherin'."

And off for Cuilcagh Pathrick he then set, and when he come to the foot of the mountain he blew on his sarpint-whistle to atthract the lad's attention. The lad, when he heerd it, sthretched his neek over the edge of the mountain-top to find what was the matther; and when he seen it was Saint Pathrick himself was in it, he dhrew back as quick as he could, out of sight, an' he in the divil's own bad temper, an' rowled himself up in as small a bulk as he could.

"If Pathrick wants me," says he, "he'll come every cos [foot] of the road for me, bad manners till him." Of course, he didn't exactly say "bad manners till him"; but that is the nearest I can go in daicency

to the language he used.

Pathrick he whistled again and again, an' got sorra an answer. He was grown oul' and stiff and weighty now, an' climbin' a mountain wasn't at all like lickin' candysticks to him. But he had to do it, an' heavin' a heavy sigh, he got a hold of his skirts an' started. An' sorely winded the poor saint was when he got to the top; but, faith, it was worth all the trouble when he begun layin' on the lad above with his good staff. The yells, an' the roars, an' the screeches of that animal was heerd that day on the banks of Lough Neagh in the north, an' at Macroom in the County Cork. And when Pathrick had · operated on the scoundhril to his complete satisfaction, he headed him off for the journey. But if Pathrick, like the rest of his counthrymen, was a bit quick in the temper an' aisily riz, he was just as quick to cool down again. An' afore he let the sarpint off the top of the mountain, he put his hand on the achin' spots, an' the sarpint was as aisy as ever he'd been in his born days afore. Then the saint an' he jogged down the mountain tors't the

south, fairly companionable enough, for the sarpint (the knowin' rascal!) was willin' an' anxious enough to be friends with the saint if he'd only let him.

At the fut of Cuilcagh mountain there was a very deep hole called the Wild Baste's Hole, which the people of Glengavlin had dug for the purpose of catchin' an' thrappin' wolves and foxes and toads and sarpints an' wildcats, an' every other sort of obnoxious varmints that used in them days to swarm over the face of the counthry. This hole was very deep and it was narrow at the mouth an' wide at the bottom, so that anything ever went intil it couldn't come out livin' again. Over this hole there grew a pear-tree that give a partic'lar sweet pear, the only wan of its kind in the counthry. And, now, when Pathrick and the sarpint come this far, the sarpint he halted, an' says he: "The pears given be that tree has always been a delight to me. There's just wan little bunch of three pears remainin' on thon outmost branch. If your saintship only lets me climb the bush and take them three pears with me, I'll laive Irelan' contented and happy."

Pathrick he was nowise bad-hearted, nor never was; so says he, "Make haste, ye villain ye, and get them, and come

along."

Up the tree the sarpint started without delay, twistin' an' windin' himself, an' swingin' from branch to branch till he got hold of the outmost limb that the three pears was on; an' he made this limb shake at an oncommon rate, but still all as wan as pretendin' that he couldn't help it, till at length afore he could reach them the three pears dhropped off with the shakin' an' fell into the hole below.

"Bad manners to me," says he, "but

they're gone."

And "Bad manners to ye," says the saint, "but they are. And we'll be goin', too—come along with ye," says he.

"Aisy, aisy, Pathrick," says the sarpint. "Sure it isn't grudgin' me the small requist of havin' a favorite pear with me, an' I laivin' Irelan', ye are?"

"I'm grudgin' ye nothing," says Pathrick; "but sure ye've lost it, an' what's the good of waitin' here?"

"Oh, all isn't lost that's in danger,

saint," says the sarpint. "I can get them pears yet-with your kind and gracious "Ye'll make me very, very happy indeed; help." says he, in a deludherin' fashion, and I'll not aisy forget it to ve, the good

"How can I help you?" says 'Pathrick. "Ye can," says the sarpint, "catch a good stout grip of yer staff be the wrong "till I have more time an' inclination to end, and catch the cleek of the staff in the listen to them. Put the cleek in yer tail swirl I'll put on me tail. See!" says he, puttin' a curlycue in his tail. "Ye can fix the cleek of it in there. Then I'll fetch meself forward slowly, backwise, to the edge of the pit, and let you down gradially till I let ye to the bottom-for scholar." atween my len'th, an' the len'th of yer

"I am over-anxious," says the sarpint. turn ye do me."

"Resarve your thanks," says the saint, at wanst."

"Sir," says the sarpint, puttin' the cleek intil his tail, an' slewin' himself round with his back-end to the hole-"sir," says he, "ye're a jintleman and a

Pathrick, fixin' the cleek of his staff in



"'IF YOUR SAINTSHIP ONLY LETS ME CLIMB THE BUSH AND TAKE THEM THREE PEARS WITH ME,
I'LL LAIVE IRELAN' CONTENTED AND HAPPY,'"

staff, an' yer own len'th, we'll make the the cleek of the sarpint's tail, took a firm bottom of it, don't fear-and then you'll pick up the pears, an' come up the same way ye went down. It's all as aisy," says he, "as kiss yer han"."

Poor Saint Pathrick was, as I sayed afore, nowise ill-hearted; the heart of ye. ''

grip of it be the other end, an' went down over the edge, the sarpint lowerin' him gradially, and with great circumspection entirely, an' cryin' out till him now an' again to know if all was goin' well, till he lowered him till the bottom. Pathrick him was as soft as a chile's, an' divil a then pocketed the pears, an' sung out to morsel cuter nor more knowin' -a baby at the lad to hoist away. But, behold ye! the breast could a'most bamboozle him. when the lad buckled to, and thried for "Why," says he, "if ye're so over-anxious to hoist, the sorra inch could he move the about a couple of seranny pears, I suppose saint off the ground-if it was thrue for I'll have to put myself about to oblige him! Afther he made three or four attempts, with great puffin' and peichin',

Pathrick, but I'm afeerd you're in a hobble this time."

"Be the tare o' war!" says Pathrick, who wouldn't on no account give a worse curse nor that-"be the tare o' war!" says he, "but if ye don't make haste an' hoist me out on dhry land again, soon and sudden, I'll start the circulation of blood in yer tail with me stick."

"Aisy, aisy, Pathrick," says the villain. "Ye're at the wrong end of the hole-the bottom-to talk so independent-like about

usin' sticks."

"Faith," says Pathrick then, to himself, as he wiped the cowl sweat off his forehead, "and so I am." So then he talked to the sarpint in a mighty ginteel way, an' asked him plaise to do his best to lift him out. And the sarpint, the knave, sayed he would put all his body an' soul intil wan pull and thry if he couldn't pull him out of the hobble. "Get a good grip, saint," says he; "I'll make a spoon or spoil a horn this time. Now for a long pull and a sthrong pull and a pull altogether-yo-ho!" says he, and he lifted Pathrick up till he got him about a faddom off the ground, and then he let the curl out of his tail (all as wan as the weight was too much on it), an' down, souse! goes Pathrick on the broad of his back to the bottom.

"Och, och!" says the sarpint then, "but that tuk the tarrible wrinch out o' me! Are ye kilt?" says he, lookin' down.

"Och, ye scoundhril ye!" says the saint. "An' if I arn't kilt it isn't your fault, ye low-lifed scoundhril!" bekase Pathrick all at wanst had his eyes opened to the knavery of the lad, an' seen the purty fix he had him landed in.

"Saint Pathrick," says the sarpint back to him, "if it was possible at all at all to make a step-ladder out of bad names and foul language, I think your saintship could get out of that hole faster than any other jintleman of my acquaintance. But, as that is onpossible, I think ye'd better be more sparin' on the ill language, an' save yer wind to cool your stirabout. Ye see I've thried me best to get ve out, an' failed. Still-an'-ever, it sthrikes me that if ye could promise to let me go me own gait, an' not dhrive me out of Irelan', I

says he, "Be this and be that, Saint might manage, be puttin a great sthrain entirely on meself, to lift ye onto dhry land again. "

> Says Pathrick, and him as mad as five hatters, "I'd see ye in-Callyforny first,

ye desaivin' vagabone ye!"

The sarpint laughed sarcastic back at him. And, "Well," says he, "I'm sure I'm mighty thankful for the good wish -and (not to be behindhand with the compliments) it would give meself pleasure to see you double as far. I wish you a very good night," says he, "and pleasant dhraims," makin' to go off.

"Hilloa! Hilloa!" says the saint; "ye aren't surely goin' to laive me all alone

down in this hole?"

"Oh, not at all, not at all-not be no means," says the sarpint. "Now that night is fallin', ye'll soon have the wolves an' wildcats wandherin' this way, an' fallin' into the thrap. I'll move round meself and hurry them up, too. Oh, no, saint, ye'll not be long, I'll gallantee, till ye have company enough. Patchy Kelly's lodgin'-house, of a night he'd have the tinkers, 'll be nothin' to the lively company ye'll soon have."

"Och-och-anee-o!" says Pathrick, says he, br'akin' down, "but this is the purty pickle I'm landed in! Plaise, sarpint," says he, "plaise give me a hand out of

here, an' I'll not forget ve."

"Give ye a tail out, I suppose ye mane," says the sarpint. "Well, give me your promise not to dhrive me out of Irelan', and then you'll get out. That's plain speakin', Pathrick, for there's no use wasting good breath over it."

"That's onpossible," says Pathrick. "I

couldn't do it."

"And why couldn't ye?" says the sar-

"Bekase," says the saint to the sarpint, "I am under conthract to clear all of yer thribe out of Irelan'."

"Ye can get round that," says the sarpint. "I'll consint to laive Irelan' an' go into the say for twinty-four hours, so that you'll complete the conthract, " says he.

The saint he sat down in the bottom of the hole, and meditated for some time;

and then, "Agreed!" says he.

"Upon yer honor as a saint, ye'll allow me to live in Irelan'?" says the sarpint.



Drawn by Frederic Darr Steele

"'ARE YE KILT?' SAYS HE, LOOKIN' DOWN."

Pathrick.

And on the instant, the sarpint gets his fore paws on the brink of the hole, lets down his tail, an' takin' a twist of it round Pathrick's middle, hoists him up on dhry land while ye'd be sayin' Knife!

And the minute Pathrick found his fut on dhry land again, "Now," says he, "it's my turn. By my vartue as a saint and exterminator of sarpints, I now ordher you intil that hole." Then he touched the sarpint with his staff, and, willy-nilly, the vagabone had to do what he was Nixt, Pathrick sthruck the hole with his staff, and a tarrible great spring of clear water burst up in it, and in a very few minutes overflowed the hole, and went sweepin', a mortial great river entirely, southwards to the say. "I ordher ye," says Pathrick to the sarpint within, "to remain as prisoner there, at the bottom of that hole, till the end of time, barrin'

"Upon me honor as a saint," says wanst in seven years, when ye're to journey down that river to the say, spend twinty-four hours there, an' then come back again to your prison, for seven years more. To be 'as cunnin' as a sarpint,' " says Pathrick, with a chuckle, "is, no doubts, mighty good. But to be 'as cunnin' as a saint' is, ye obsarve, wan betther."

That big hole is still to be seen at the foot of Cuilcagh in Glengavlin, and it's called the Shannon Pot-bekase the Shannon is the name given to the river, the biggest in the Three Kingdoms, that runs out of it. An' to this day the sarpint is coiled up at the bottom of the Pot, barrin', as I sayed, at wan time in every seven years, when he must thrudge off on his penance journey to the say-and then thrudge back to prison for another seven years.

And in throth it's his rich desarvin', for the thratement he give poor Saint Pathrick.



Drawn by Frederic Dorr Steele.
"'OCH, YE SCOUNDHRIL YE!' SAYS THE SAINT. 'AN' IF I ARN'T KILT IT ISN'T YOUR FAULT.""

## THE MERIT SYSTEM IN GOVERNMENT APPOINTMENTS.

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

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lightful Life of Cooper, speaks feelingly of the "infinite capacity of the human mind to withstand the introduction of knowledge." I doubt whether even a college professor becomes more sadly and profoundly impressed with the truth of this statement than does a civil-service commissioner. The spoils system of making appointments to and removals from office is so wholly and unmixedly evil, is so emphatically un - American and undemocratic, and is so potent a force for degradation in our public life, that it is difficult to believe that any intelligent man of ordinary decency who has looked into the subject can be its advocate. On the other hand, the merit system, which we are striving to put in its place, has been proved by actual trial to work so well that it is difficult to understand how there can be any serious opposition thereto, or, indeed, how it can fail to receive the zealous support of every citizen who has sense enough to see what is best for the country, and patriotism enough to wish to see that best adopted.

The two systems are now working side by side in our government service. About a fourth of the offices under the federal government are administered in accordance with the provisions of the civil-service law. The remaining three-fourths are administered as they all were until within the last nine years-that is, in accordance with that most pernicious maxim, To the victor belong the spoils. In a nutshell, the spoils or patronage theory is that public office is primarily designed for partizan plunder, and that the victorious party is entitled to loot the departments at Washington, the navy yards, the post-offices, the custom houses, and the like, on precisely the same grounds that entitled Tilly's veterans to the loot of Magdeburg. Politicians holding this view act on the principle, first, that adherence to the opposite party, or to no party, is of itself a disqualification for whole public is taxed to pay for, and that

DROFESSOR LOUNSBURY, in his de- office, no matter what the incumbent's efficiency may be, and that therefore a clean sweep of all subordinate offices should be made after a change of administration; and second, that the first question in making a new appointment should be as to the services the appointee has rendered, or can render, to some big party chief or organization of the victorious faction, with, as a secondary matter, an inquiry into the man's fitness to hold the position he seeks. The better class of politicians, who are in the majority, usually insist that the appointee shall not only be an influential party worker, but also a fairly capable public servant; and deviate from this rule only when the man's partizan, factional or personal services have been very great indeed. The more disreputable politicians -such as are to be found swarming in many of the lower wards of New York, for instance-consider this attitude of mind an unworthy concession to business principles, and pay heed solely to questions of political expediency (even of criminal political expediency) in making their appointments.

A New York congressman once recommended to a friend of mine, who was then an assistant secretary of the Treasury, the appointment to the secret service of the Treasury of a noted local heeler. An investigation showed that among the other incidents of the aforesaid heeler's varied career he had been indicted for murder, and had got off on a technicality; but when this was pointed out the congressman declined to recognize it as a matter that even called for explanation, waving it aside with the remark, "Oh, that was several years ago; I tell you, sir, Mick is one of the most inflooential men in the deestrick to-day."

Now the merit theory, on the other hand, is that a man appointed to office should be appointed not with the idea of benefiting the fortunes of any political chief or faction, but with the idea of performing the work, for the whole public, which the

the federal government, and its workings several years. As might reasonably have been expected, the grade of public servants obtained under the new system is decidedly superior to that obtained under the old.

But this improvement in the government service is not the chief thing at which civilservice reformers aim. Our chief aim is to better the conditions of public life. We believe that the thorough and radical introduction of the reformed or merit system of making appointments will measurably improve the public service; but, above all, that it will immeasurably raise the tone of politics. It may be doubted if any other one cause is so potent as is the spoils system among the forces that work for the degradation of our political life.

The spoils system in politics has as distinct a tendency to drive the best men from public life as a debased and dishonest currency has to drive the most honest men out of financial life. It puts a premium upon the arts of the party trickster and factional manipulator; and it is doubly dangerous because it lends itself especially to the work of caucuses, primaries and nominating conventions, and thus accomplishes its most rapid work of degradation within the party itself. offices, or rather the expectation and hope of receiving them, have a certain weight in the election itself; but their chief importance comes in connection with pulling the wires for the nominations and for party control. As the result of ten years' careful study of and active participation in partizan politics, I unhesitatingly state my belief that the main use to which the offices are put is the gaining of factional or personal supremacy within the party, not the overthrow of the opposite party. The most bitter factional fights which have ever come to my knowledge in which public officers participated were those between fair-minded and intelligent man. two wings of the same party, and as often a strong statement. I make it deliberately,

he should be appointed because he has as not for the control of a delegation from shown in common-sense tests, in open, fair a state where that party was in an absocompetition, that he is of all the candidates lutely hopeless minority, and where, in conwho have come forward the one who sequence, the "patronage" formed the only is presumably best fitted to perform the object which the contestants had in view duties of the place sought. This method at all. A typical spoils politician is fond is the one now actually followed in deal- of loudly asserting that he is a genuine ing with over thirty thousand places under party man of the straitest sect; whereas, as a matter of fact, he is not, properly speakhave been tested in these places during ing, a party man at all, and is of little or no use in a fight for the whole party as such, though a real and very noxious power in the factional battles which deermine its leadership and control. He does not intend to use the patronage, save secondarily, against the opposite party. he seeks to do with it is to whip his factional rivals.

To abolish the spoils system is to take a long step toward breaking the power of that most harmful body, the bread-andbutter brigade of professional politicians. To do this would immeasurably benefit each party by minimizing in its councils the weight of those particularly sordid and unlovely beings who tread the lowest and most devious political paths as a means of When once it was done, a livelihood. congressman, for instance, would be chosen because of his views on such public questions as protection and free trade, the free coinage of silver, the policy of building an efficient navy, et cetera; and not because he had the low and unscrupulous cunning necessary to enable him to manipulate the fourth-class post-offices of his district in his own interest.

As a matter of fact, the arguments in The favor of the merit system and against the spoils system are not only convincing, but they are absolutely unanswerable. present civil-service commission has now been in office for three years. During that time it has been no small part of our duty to do battle with the opponents of the system in every possible way, and it has been necessary for us to read and meet every argument they have advanced. It is the simple truth that during the entire three years I have never known a single argument advanced against the system by any one of its foes which was so much as entitled to respectful consideration by a

as the result of three years' experience at Washington.

There are, of course, defects and shortcomings in the merit system. We do not for a moment pretend that it is perfect. We only assert that it is a great improvement upon the old spoils system, and that as a matter of fact in every instance where it has been tried in good faith it has worked well. We are ourselves constantly endeavoring to discover and correct any defects that may exist; yet it is noteworthy that not one of our opponents in congress or in the public press during the last three vears has succeeded in touching a single weak point in the system. They have lacked even the capacity to find out the few actual shortcomings.

Almost without exception the attacks of these opponents come under three heads. First, some of them impugn the honesty and good faith of those administering the This method is resorted to, of course, only by men of the baser sort; their diatribes represent merely their way of expressing dissatisfaction, exactly as a pickpocket vents his chagrin by becoming abusive when arrested by a policeman. The second method is to attack the details of the administration of the law, and, notably, to insist that we ask improper or ridiculous questions. All of the attacks of this kind agree on one point: that is, the alleged statements of fact upon which they are based are simply untrue. Sometimes these statements are made by persons in high official position or by papers of standing. In such a case we always write to the individual or paper making the accusations, stating that they are absolutely false and challenging their substantiation. In no single instance has any individual even attempted to substantiate his accusations, for the very good reason that in no single instance have they possessed or could they possess even the slightest and most unsubstantial basis in fact. The third and most ordinary method of assault is for the speaker or writer to avoid specific statements and go into involved declamation, composed in equal parts of loose rhetoric and stale misrepresentation. This is the favorite method of our ordinary assailants, because of the trivial mental labor it involves.

In the departmental service at Washing-

ton the great bulk of the employees come under the provisions of the civil-service act, and inasmuch as these positions are under the direct supervision of the commission itself, it is here that the law works best and that its workings can be most satisfactorily observed. There are some ten thousand of these places at Washington. So satisfactorily does the law work that almost without exception every cabinet officer, even though he may take office opposed to it, becomes its ardent advocate long before the close of his term. Under the old system a very large portion of the time of every cabinet officer was taken up by considering the claims of individuals for appointment or retention in the service. Be it understood that the claims thus considered were not the claims for particular efficiency in doing the work. What the cabinet officer was obliged to weigh was the amount of political backing and influence each candidate could command. The late lamented Secretary Windom, who occupied the position of secretary of the Treasury both before and after the law came into effect, and was therefore peculiarly competent to pass judgment upon its merits, gave it on all occasions the most hearty support. He told me that one of the most painful portions of his public life was that succeeding his first appointment to the Treasury. For three months after he took office, every day that he came down to the department he found his antechamber crowded by a nervous host of unfortunates, mainly women, who either feared that they were going to be turned out, or else desired an appointment; and he mentioned as a curious fact that all of the people who did not come to him aided by powerful "influence" invariably urged their appointment or retention on the grounds of mercy and charity, hardly ever alluding to their own efficiency or capacity to do the governmental work in the best manner.

Under the old system, if a man wished a government clerkship at Washington, his first duty was to obtain the support of such of the more prominent politicians of his locality as were influential with the administration. To do this it was generally requisite, directly or indirectly, to bring pressure to bear upon them. They

in their turn brought pressure to bear upon good; if not, they could be created. appointments. dare to resist the demands of these outsiders. In the railway mail service, for instance, the appointments were divided among the different congressmen and senators of the dominant party according to a perfectly definite and fixed ratio: the nominal appointing officers had little to do save to see that the division was fair.

The senator or representative who finally agreed to obtain or try to obtain a place for the would-be government clerk always found himself in competition with Each congressman, of course, had many more applications made to him for places than he had any hope of obtaining. He had to exercise some choice among these men themselves; and Washington to press their own claims. The congressman would, of course, try to put off the least influential or least determined of the applicants with nothing but fair words; and to get places for any he was obliged to use every possible means to bring pressure upon the heads of the departments. It was by no means necessary that he should always be in sympathy with the party in power. It was enough if he could make the appointing officers either afraid of him or desirous of placating him. The chairman of the appropriations committee of the house, for instance, who had the power of the purse-strings over the departments, was always able to get a great number of appointments under the old system, if he so desired, no matter what party was in power.

After the candidates had thus been themselves weeded out by the congressmen or local politicians, who threw out all but those having the strongest "pull," they were still further weeded out by the appointing efficer, who, in his turn, threw now, all he has to do is to write to the out all those who were not presented by commission for information. politicians whom it was to his interest enters some examination which is held near to please. If vacancies existed, well and the place where he lives, and is therein

the appointing power in Washington, course, each officer in creating a vacancy One of the silly fictions of the spoils advo- preferred to turn out an incompetent man; cates is that under the old system the but he could not afford to pay heed to appointing officers themselves made the this preference if the incompetent man had They did nothing of the political influence. In consequence, every The appointments were made for clerk was kept always in a state of anxious them by outside politicians, often of a uncertainty, and was obliged to keep up very disreputable kind; and they did not relations with some powerful politician, under penalty of having his position jeopardized.

In short, under the old system, a man who desired a place at Washington had first to convince some local party leader that he could himself be of service in advancing that leader's fortunes. He then had to give up several weeks or several months to pushing and supervising the intrigues by means of which he finally got a place in the departments. He often had to stay in Washington two or three months before he could accomplish his purpose, and in too many cases he only did accomplish it finally at the expense of some poor fellow who was already in the departments, but who no longer had influence sufficient often the would-be appointees came to to insure his retention. The scramble for office was very keen, and this, of course, meant that nine-tenths of the people that sought it did not get it at all. abandoned their work that they might come on to Washington; they spent their money and became thoroughly demoralized and unsettled, only to go back finally with a bitter sense of shame at having failed to gain the coveted prize. The career of the average political office-seeker is no less pitiful than it is shameful. In Bret Harte's striking story of "The Office Seeker" a vivid picture will be found of the degradation and heartbreak which are almost necessary attendants upon the old system of a greedy, selfish scramble for plunder.

Thanks to the adoption of the merit system, all this has been completely changed. The business of obtaining government employment in Washington has been put upon the same clean, healthy basis that marks the business of getting employment in any big private enterprise. If a man wishes to try for a government position

not deserve it. If he does pass well comdemand, he is almost certain to get it. He seeks. outside influence whatsoever; it will be entirely useless to him. All he does is to stay at home and go about his work without any disturbance, and to wait until he receives a notification from Washington of his appointment. Once in, he has not the slightest fear of having his place declared vacant in order that some outsider with political backing may be put into it. If he does his duty he is protected, and he knows it. He can look at a change of administration with absolute indifference. In the old days, on the contrary, the work in each department was diminished in efficiency to the extent often of a third prior to a change of administration, consequent purely upon the nervousness and anxiety of the unfortunate clerks about their future prospects.

No class of employees or of applicants for office has been so greatly benefited by the change as the class of respectable women. It is degradation enough even for a man to be obliged to seek office as a favor from some politician to whom he is expected to render favors in return, and to pass hours of his time every day for weeks at a stretch in that most irksome and galling of occupations, dancing attendance in the antechambers of the temporarily great; but the degradation is threefold greater in the premium on such qualities as brazen importunity and total lack of delicacy and refinepushing who could force their claims upon the reluctant attention of overworked appointing officers. In other words, it bettered a woman's chances very much in an inverse ratio to her real desirability. She had to implore outside help to get into office, and appeal for sympathy and supsary to point out the field for abuse this cally all political considerations have been

tested fairly and in a perfectly common-development of the old spoils system sense way as to his capacities for perform- opened. Now, on the contrary, a woman ing the peculiar duties incident to the who is in office is in no danger whatsoever position sought. If he does not pass well, of being turned out unless she fails in the then he fails to get the position, for he does performance of her official work; and a woman who is seeking employment has pared to the others in the examination, and absolutely nothing to do save to show that if it is a position for which there is any she is well qualified for the position she There is a very keen competition does not have to bother himself about any for the positions usually filled by women in the government departments, a far keener competition than among men. consequence, only a small percentage of the women that take the examinations get places; but the very severity of this competition insures the selection of the fittest and totally eliminates all personal and political considerations from the choice.

The civil-service law has worked unexpected benefits in more than one way. For instance, it has proved a real boon to the better-educated colored people. the spoils system the negro never got his share of the appointments, and too often the loudest-mouthed among his political friends showed themselves almost as reluctant to give him office as were his political foes. The civil-service law, however, guarantees him just and impartial treatment. He has to show his capacity in comparison with other men of his own race and of the white race alike. he does better than they, he gets the appointment, and that is all there is about it. During the last three years the colored people of the country have received very nearly their share of the classified offices in Washington. Those most apt to be successful are, naturally, the graduates of the higher colored academies and other institutions of learning. As every one case of women. The old system put a knows, the careers open to educated people of the colored race are lamentably few in number, and it is a source of real pleasure ment, for it was only the persistent and to be able to say that the civil-service law has added another to the list of those in which an educated colored man can look for honorable advancement if his work deserves it.

The particularly gratifying feature of the working of the law at Washington during the last three years has been the fact port to every influential personage to keep that we have really almost attained our her in once she got it. It is hardly necesideal as regards non-partizanship. Practi-

appointments to and removals from office in the classified departmental service. always takes time to instil into the mind of the average citizen confidence that the law is being honestly observed and that politics really have nothing to do with it; but this happy result has been nearly reached as regards the departmental force at Washington. This has been shown by what has taken place in the Southern states during the last three years. Several hundred appointments have been made from these states through the commission during this period. About a quarter of these were colored men. The remaining threefourths were, in the great majority of cases, native-born Southern whites; and from information which has reached the commission through various channels since their appointment, almost in every case, especially from the South Atlantic and Gulf states, these whites have belonged politically to the party opposed to the administration at Washington. Doubtless this has been the case with many of the men appointed from the North also, but it has happened that less definite information has been furnished the commission on this point. Every state and every section of the country has had exact and impartial justice meted out to it in the matter of appointments; and indeed, owing to the fact that three years ago most of the Southern states were behindhand in their quotas compared to the Northern ones, the people of the former have, relatively to their total number, stood a better chance for getting appointments in Washington during the past three years than the people of the latter, and this wholly without there next time Mr. Comischer regard to their political affiliations.

Of course, every conceivable variety of individual drifts into the examinations. Many ward heelers come in, it being particularly difficult to convince these gentry that their political influence really will not avail them anything. They usually pass low or fail, and in consequence see the appointments given to men without political backing; and they naturally go away and rail at the "schoolastic" and "improper" nature of the questions asked, their complaints being taken up and repeated by the spoils newspapers and spoils politicians,

eliminated from the questions of making sometimes in sheer ignorance, more often from malevolence.

> Often, however, the men and women who fail in the examinations are really good, worthy people, cursed with the desire to get into a service for which they are not fitted. It is perfectly astounding to see the people who gravely come forward and offer themselves as clerks and copvists. Each batch of examinations vields a few candidates whose papers look like specimen extracts from Artemus Ward's writings.

> There was one particularly delicious letter which we received from a man whom I have ever since sincerely wished to meet. He had evidently regarded the formal notice of the place where he could be examined as a personal invitation, and when he was unable to keep the appointment thought that politeness required him to explain his absence. His letter runs as follows.

> > "oCtober 6, 1890.

"To the comischer of "Sivel Sirves

"My Dear Brother. I am very sory that I could not Meet you on the day you said but gentlemen, i am glad of the cause that Kept me way. let me tell you Mrcomischer, i hav Bin mard 5 years, an tel The Other Day, me an my Wife hav bin the onley mbrs en ow Famle. well Sir on the Da before youre Exammenashun, My Wife Had a kupple ov tuins gest Think of it Mr Comischer, and of corse I couddent go off and leve Her an them.

"i Just stade home an we had a sellabration-an I Invited all my frends to diner i wish you had bin thare. i Hope I can be

"Very trly yores"

Now, I have not the least doubt that that man is a good citizen, husband and parent. I am very much pleased with his happiness and I wish I could have been present at the "sellabration." My only regret is that his large way of looking at the technicalities of chirography and orthography seems to indicate that he is too strongly tinged with the spirit of extreme individualism to be fitted for so narrowly conventional an employment as that of government clerk.



PANAMA AND THE KNIGHTS-ERRANT OF COLONIZATION.

By Cyrus Townsend Brady.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENT.-Few portions of the globe have been the scene of such romantic and daring adventure as that part of Spanish America which, in contradistinction to the great islands of the Caribbean, was known as the "Spanish main." In 1509 its history begins, for at that date Ferdinand the Catholic, in order to circumvent the colonizing designs of the English upon the Isthmus of Panama, sent out expeditions under two extraordinary knightserrant of the sea, Alonzo de Ojeda and Diego de Nicuesa. They started separately in November
—Ojeda ten days before Nicuesa, who was detained at Hispaniola for debt. Ojeda, who had left a partner in his enterprise, Encisco, behind to follow, landed at Cartagena and seized some natives, whose friends retaliated with volleys of poisoned arrows. The Spaniards' predicament became extreme. Nearly all were killed or wounded. Finally Nicuesa appeared, and in spite of former differences joined forces with Ojeda, defeating the natives and obtaining much booty.

Then the adventurers separated-Nicuesa for Veragua, which is the name Columbus had given to the Isthmian coast below Honduras, and Ojeda to plant a colony at San Sebastian. Here the band was terribly reduced by the attacks of the Indians. It was finally rescued by one Talavera, a rescally soldier of fortune, with whom Ojeda, after shipwreck and other misfortunes, returned to Santo Domingo, leaving Francisco Pizarro in charge at San Sebastian. Ojeda found that his partner Encisco had gone in search of him; and, penniless and discredited, he died in a monastery.

#### IV.

ENTER ONE VASCO NUÑEZ DE BALBOA.

E NCISCO, coasting along the shore with a large ship carrying reenforcements and loaded with provisions for the party, easily followed the course of Ojeda's wanderings, and finally ran across the remnant of his expedition in the harbor of Cartagena. The remnant was crowded into a single small, unseaworthy brigantine, under the command of Francisco

Pizarro had scrupulously kept faith with Ojeda. He had done more. had waited fifty days, and then, finding that the two brigantines left to him were not large enough to contain his whole party, by mutual agreement the survivors clung to the death-laden spot until a sufficient number had been killed or had died to enable them to get away in the two ships. They did not have to wait long, for death was busy, and a few weeks after the expiration of the appointed time they were all on board.

There is something terrific to the imagination in the thought of that body of men sitting down and grimly waiting until enough of them should die to enable the rest to get away! What must have been the emotions that filled their breasts as the days dragged on? No one knew whether the result of the delay would enable him to leave, or cause his bones to rot on the shore. Cruel, fierce, implacable

as were these Spaniards, there is something Homeric about them in such crises as these.

That was not the end of their misfortunes, for one of the two brigantines was capsized. The old chroniclers say the boat was struck by a great fish. That is a fish-story which, like most fish-stories, it is difficult to credit. At any rate, sink it did, with all on board, and Pizarro and about thirty men were all that were left out of the gallant three hundred who had followed the doughty Ojeda in the first attempt to colonize South America.

Encisco was for hanging them at once, believing they had murdered and deserted Ojeda, but they were able at last to convince him of the strict legality of their proceedings. Taking command of the expedition himself, as being next in rank to Ojeda, the Bachelor led them back to San Sebastian. Unfortunately, before the unloading of his ship could be begun, she struck a rock and was lost; and the last state of the men, therefore, was as bad as the first.

Among the men who had come with Encisco was a certain Vasco Nuñez, commonly called Balboa. He had been with Bastidas and La Cosa on their voyage to the Isthmus nine years before. The voyage had been a profitable one and Balboa had made money out of it. He had lost all his money, however, and had eked out a scanty living on a farm at Hispaniola, which he had been unable to leave because he was in debt to everybody. The authorities were very strict in searching every vessel that cleared from Santo Domingo, for absconders. The search was usually conducted after the vessel had got to sea, too!

Balboa caused himself to be conveyed aboard this vessel in a provision cask. No one suspected anything, and when the officers of the boat had withdrawn from the ship and Hispaniola was well down astern, he came forth. Encisco, who was a pettifogger of the most pronounced type, would have dealt harshly with him, but there was nothing to do after all. Balboa could not be sent back, and besides, he was considered a valuable reenforcement from his known experience and courage.

It was he who now came to the rescue of the wretched colonists at San Sebastian by telling them that across the Gulf of Darien there was an Indian tribe with many villages and much gold. Furthermore, these Indians, unfortunately for them, were not acquainted with the use of poisoned arrows. Balboa urged them to go there. His suggestion was received with cheers. brigantines, and such other vessels as they could construct hastily, were got ready and the whole party took advantage of the favorable season to cross the Gulf of Darien to the other side, to the present territory of Panama which has been so prominent in the public eve of late. This was Nicuesa's domain, but nobody considered that at the time.

They found the Indian villages that Balboa had mentioned, fought a desperate battle with Cacique Cemaco, captured the place, and discovered quantities of gold to the value of ten thousand gold castellanos (upward of twenty-five thousand dollars). They built a fort, and laid out a town called Santa Maria de la Antigua del Darien -the name being almost bigger than the town! Balboa was in high favor by this time, and when Encisco got into trouble by decreeing various oppressive regulations and vexatious restrictions, attending to things in general with a high hand, they calmly deposed him on the ground that he had no authority to act, since they were on the territory of Nicuesa. To this logic, which was irrefutable, poor Encisco could make no reply. Pending the arrival of Nicuesa, they elected Balboa and one Zamudio, a Biscayan, to take charge of affairs.

The time was passed in hunting and gathering treasure not unprofitably, and, as they had plenty to eat, not unpleasantly.

### V.

THE DESPERATE STRAITS OF NICUESA.

Now let us return to Nicuesa. Making a landfall, Nicuesa, with a small caravel attended by the two brigantines, coasted along the shore seeking a favorable point for settlement. The large ships, by his orders, kept well out to sea. During a storm, Nicuesa put out to sea himself, imagining that the brigantines under the charge of Lope de Olano, second in command, would follow him. When morning

no signs of ships or brigantines.

Nicuesa ran along the shore to search for them, got himself embayed in the mouth of a small river swollen by recent rains, and upon the sudden subsidence of the water coincident with the ebb of the tide, his ship took ground, fell over on her bilge and was completely wrecked. The men on board barely escaped with their lives to the shore. They had saved nothing except what they wore, the few arms they carried and one small boat.

Putting Diego de Ribero and three sailors in the boat and directing them to coast along the shore and keep in touch with him, Nicuesa with the rest struggled westward in search of the two brigantines and the other three ships. They toiled through interminable forests and morasses for several days, living on what they could pick up in the way of roots and grasses, without discovering any signs of the missing ships. Coming to an arm of the sea, supposed to be Chiriqui Lagoon off Costa Rica, in the course of their journeyings, they decided to cross it in a small boat rather than make the long détour necessary to get to what they believed to be the other side. They were ferried over to the opposite shore in the boat, and to their dismay discovered that they were upon an almost desert island.

It was too late, and they were too tired, to go farther upon that night, so they resolved to pass it on the island. In the morning they were appalled to find that the little boat, with Ribero and the three sailors, was gone. They were marooned on a desolate island with practically nothing to eat, and nothing but brackish swamp-water to drink. The sailors they believed to have abandoned them. They gave way to transports of despair. Some in their grief threw themselves down and died forthwith. Others sought to prolong life by eating herbs, roots, and the like.

They were reduced to the cordition of wild beasts, when a sail whitened the horizon, and presently the two brigantines dropped anchor near the island. Ribero was no recreant. He had been convinced that Nicuesa was going farther and farther from the ships with every step he took, and, unable to persuade him of that fact,

broke and the storm dissipated, there were he deliberately took matters into his own hands and retraced his course. The event justified his decision, for he soon found the brigantines and the other ships. Olano does not seem to have bestirred himself very vigorously to seek for Nicuesa, perhaps because he hoped to command himself; but when Ribero made his report he at once set sail for the island, which he reached just in time to save the miserable remnant from dying from starvation.

> As soon as he could command himself, Nicuesa, whose easy temper and generous disposition had left him under the hardships and misfortunes he had sustained, sentenced Olano to death. By the pleas of his comrades, the sentence was mitigated, and the wretched man was bound in chains and forced to grind corn for the rest of the party-when there was any

to grind.

To follow Nicuesa's further career would be simply to chronicle the story of increasing disaster. He lost ship after ship and man after man. Finally reduced in number to one hundred men, one of the sailors who had been with Columbus remembered the location of Porto Bello as being a haven where they might establish themselves in a fertile and beautiful country, well watered, and so on. lumbus had left an anchor under a tree to mark the place, and when they reached it they found that the anchor had remained undisturbed all the years. They were attacked by Indians there, and after losing twenty killed were forced to put to sea in two small brigantines and a caravel, which they had made from the wrecks of their ships. Coasting along the shore, they came at last to an open roadstead where they could debark.

"In the name of God," said the disheartened Nicuesa, "let us stop here."

There they landed, calling the place, after their commander's exclamation, Nombre de Dios. The caravel, with a crew of the strongest, was despatched for succor, and was never heard of again.

One day, the colonists at Antigua were surprised by the sound of a cannon-shot. They fired their own weapons in reply, and soon two ships carrying a reenforcement for Nicuesa, under Rodrigo de Colmenares, dropped anchor in front of the town.



Drawn by Seymour M. Stone.
"THEY WERE FERRIED OVER TO THE OPPOSITE SHORE, . . . AND TO THEIR DISMAY DISCOVERED THAT
THEY WERE UPON AN ALMOST DESERT ISLAND."

By this time the colonists had divided into factions, some favoring the existing régime, others inclining toward the still busy Encisco, others desirous of putting themselves under the command of Nicuesa, whose generosity and sunny disposition were still affectionately remembered. The arrival of Colmenares and his party gave the Nicuesa faction a decided prepunderance; and, taking things in their own hands, they determined to despatch one of the ships, with two representatives of the colony, up the coast in search of the governor. This expedition found Nicuesa without much difficulty. Again the rescuing ship arrived just in time. In a few days more, the miserable body of men, reduced now to less than sixty, would have perished of starvation.

Nicuesa's spirit had not been chastened by his unparalleled misfortunes. He not only accepted the proffered command of the colony-which was no more than his right, since it was established on his territory-but he did more. When he heard the colonists had amassed a great amount of gold by trading and thieving, he harshly declared that, as they had no legitimate right there, he would take their portion for himself; that he would stop further enterprises on their part-in short, he boastfully and rashly stated his intention of carrying things with a high hand in a way well calculated to infuriate his voluntary subjects. So arrogant was his bearing and so tactless and injudicious his talk, tha, the envoys from Antigua fled in the night with one of the ships and reported the situation to the colony. Olano, still in chains, found means to communicate with friends in the other expedition. Naturally, he painted the probable conduct of the governor in anything but flattering colors.

All this was most impolitic in Nicuesa. He seemed to have forgot that profound political principle which suggests that a firm seat in the saddle should be acquired before any attempt should be made to lead the procession. The fable of King Stork and the frogs was applicable to the situation of the colonists.

In this contingency, they did not quite know what to do. It was Balboa who that, although they had invited him, they need not permit Nicuesa to land. Accordingly, when Nicuesa hove in sight in the other ship, full of determination to carry things in his own way, they prevented him from coming on shore.

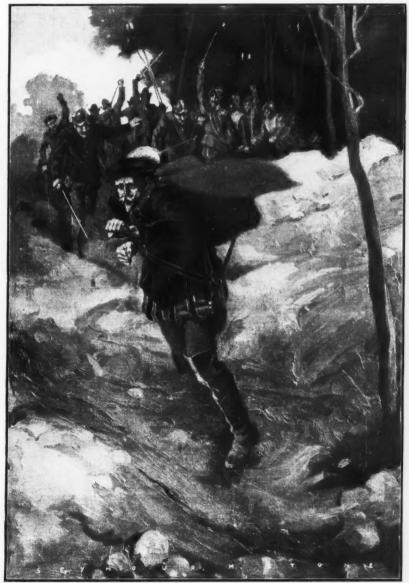
Greatly astonished, he modified his tone somewhat, but to no avail. It was finally decided among the colonists to allow him to come ashore in order to seize his per-Arrangements were mad accordingly, and the unsuspicious Nicuesa debarked from his ship the day after his He was immediately surrounded arrival. by a crowd of excited soldiers menacing and threatening him. It was impossible for him to make head against them.

He turned and fled. Among his other gubernatorial accomplishments was a remarkable fleetness of foot. The poor little governor scampered over the sands at a great pace. He distanced his fierce pursuers at last and escaped to the temporary shelter of the woods.

Balboa, a gentleman by birth and by inclination as well-who had, according to some accounts, endeavored to compose the differences between Nicuesa and the colonists-was greatly touched and mortified at seeing so brave a cavalier reduced to such an undignified and desperate extrem-He secretly sought Nicuesa that ity. night and proffered him his services. Then he strove valiantly to bring about an adjustment of differences between the fugitive and the brutal soldiery, but in vain.

Nicuesa, abandoning all his pretensions, at last begged them to receive him, if not as a governor, as least as a companion-in-arms, a volunteer. But nothing, neither the influence of Balboa nor the entreaties of Nicuesa, could mitigate the anger of the They would not have the little colonists. governor with them on any terms. would have killed him then and there, but Balboa, by resorting to harsh measures, even causing one man to be flogged for his insolence, at last changed that purpose into another-which, to be sure, scarcely less hazardous for Nicuesa.

He was to be given a ship and sent away forever from the Isthmus. Seventeen adherents offered manfully to share his fate. Protesting against the legality of the transcame to their rescue again. He suggested action, appealing to them to give him a



Drawn by Seymour M. Stone.

"THE POOR LITTLE GOVERNOR . . . DISTANCED HIS FIERCE PURSUERS AT LAST AND ESCAPED TO THE TEMPORARY SHELTER OF THE WOODS."

chance for humanity's sake, poor Nicuesa of holes, until she went down with all on was hurried aboard a small, crazy bark, the weakest of the wretched brigantines in the harbor. This was a boat so carelessly constructed that the calking of the seams had been done with a blunt iron. With little or no provisions, Nicuesa and his faithful seventeen were immediately forced to put to sea amid the jeers and mockery of those on shore. The date was March 1, 1511. According to the chroniclers, the last words that those left on the island heard Nicuesa say were, "Show thy face, O Lord, and we shall be saved."\* A pathetic and noble departure!

Into the misty deep then vanished poor Nicuesa and his faithful followers on that bright sunny spring morning. none of them ever came back to tell the tale of what became of them. Did they die of starvation in their crazy brigantine, drifting on and on while they rotted in the blazing sun, until her seams opened and she sank? Did they founder in one of the sudden and fierce storms which deadly teredo bore the ship's timbers full will form the subject of the next paper.

board? Were they cast on shore to become the prey of Indians whose enmity they had provoked by their own conduct? No one ever knew.

It was reported that years afterward on the coast of Veragua some wandering adventurers found this legend, almost undecipherable, cut in the bark of a tree: "Aqui anduvó perdido el desdichado Diego de Nicuesa," which may be translated, "Here was lost the unfortunate Diego de Nicuesa." But the statement is not The fate of the gallant little credited. gentleman is one of the mysteries of the sea.

Of the original eleven hundred men who sailed with the two governors, there remained perhaps thirty of Ojeda's and forty of Nicuesa's at Antigua with Encisco's command. This was the net result of the first two years of effort at the beginning of government in South America on the Isthmus of Panama, with its ocean on the other side still undreamed of. What these men did there, and how Balboa rose to further prominence, his great exploits, sometimes swept that coast? Did the and finally how unkind fate overtook him,

<sup>\*</sup>Evidently he was quoting the exquisite measures of the Eightieth Psalm, one of the most touching appeals of David the Poet-King, in which he says over and over again, "Turn us again, O God, and cause thy face to shine, and we shall be saved."





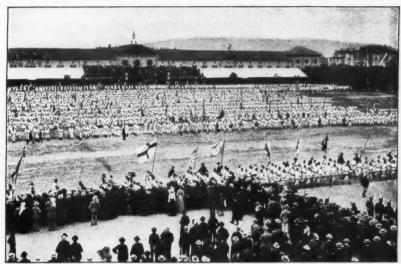


### FAME.

BY THOMAS BICKET.

A MIGHTY sea, surging and roaring past, Where towering billows leap On the open deep, On, to an unknown coast.

A tiny drop, that rides a seething crest, Up from the wild sea thrown A moment high, alone, Then, in the vortex—lost.



THE CAMPUS AT

## THE MOST ATHLETIC NATION IN THE WORLD.

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN, 2D.

athletic contests and the American victories at the Olympian games, we are as a race comfortably sure of our physical superiority over any other stock in the world. And we view army statistics and those of college teams with pride, and join the British in repeating the old saying that the battle of Waterloo was won on England's cricket-fields

We Americans are not as a whole an athletic nation. This is not due to physical weakness, but to the fact that our system is based on a radically wrong idea. In every school and college, the main object of athletic training is to discover a few champions. And as the season for each sport approaches, the rank and file, those who are not among the few who excel their fellows, are relegated to the grandstand to encourage the champions with their cheers.

We have come to regard education on a grand scale as a legitimate and necessary

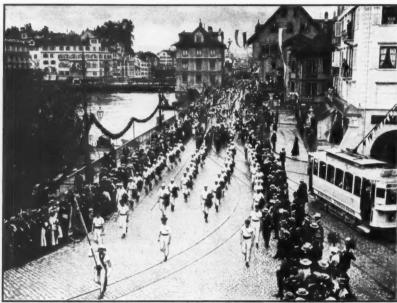
VITH all the recent international field for government expenditure, but the encouragement of athletics among all the people has scarcely yet been attempted. The only nation which has up to date perfected such a system is Switzerland. Out of a total population of about three millions, fifty thousand men of all ages are enrolled in athletic organizations and take an active part in their exercises.

From the day the Swiss baby begins to toddle about without assistance, to the time when old age has materially sapped the man's strength, he takes an active interest in some form of athletics. In all the schools, gymnastic classes are organized, and are a part of the curriculum from which none but the physically unfit are excused. And the backward ones are given special attention to bring them to a condition in which they may eventually join the great athletic organizations, fostered by the government under the supervision of the United Federal Gymnastic Association of Switzerland.

In every town and village of any size are

Note.—In April, 1897, the editor of THE COSMOPOLITAN called attention to the delinquency of Harvard University in this respect, in the following paragraph:

"I spent half an hour [with President Ehot] in admiring the system and the facilities for training [in the Harvard gymnasium]. But the young men present numbered but a few hundred, and nine-tenths of them were athletes of splendid physical proportions and already developed muscles. As we walked back to the president's offices we met dozens of young men hurrying back to their rooms, who were not well developed and who looked pale and sickly. These were the men who should have been in the symnasium."



MEMBERS OF THE NATIONAL ORGANIZATION, WITH THEIR BANNER, ENTERING ZURICH

local organizations to membership in which every Swiss lad of sixteen is eligible. These village clubs are represented in cantonal unions which in turn compose the national association, under whose auspices the great athletic fêtes are held.

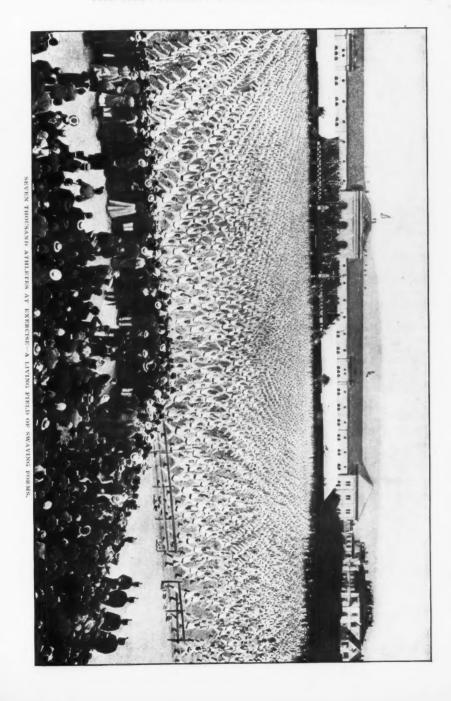
Seventy years ago, the first national athletic festival in which the different cantons took part was held at Zurich and seventy contestants appeared. Last July, the meet held in the same city included seven thousand competitors. Different cities are selected in turn for these national gatherings, and between the dates of the national events many joint exhibits are arranged between local clubs or among the cantonal unions, and these serve to keep the members constantly in condition.

The people of every nation enjoy a pageant in which trumpets flare and bunting flies. In the days of ancient Rome the gladiatorial contests in the bloody, sawdust-strewn amphitheaters satisfied a people not far removed in time or tastes from frank barbarism. To-day in England a coronation caters to this same popular desire for a magnificent spectacle. In Switzerland, the people's festival is as far

local organizations to membership in which ahead of England's, from a civilized viewevery Swiss lad of sixteen is eligible. point, as that nation's is an advance over These village clubs are represented in ancient Rome's.

The central idea of the Swiss national festival is to involve as many of the people as possible among the active participants, and for those who cannot take actual part the pageant is a source of entertainment.

The richly embroidered banner of the national organization is left with the city which has held the last exhibition. On the opening day of the next fête, it is transferred by the local organization which is holding it, to the city where the coming contest is to take place. processions of athletes march behind the club bearing the banner, and soon fill the narrow streets of the city. All the municipal officials are assembled on the gaily decked platform and receive the banner with great ceremony. The streets and windows are thronged with sight-seers. In alphabetical order, the representatives of each local club pour into the town can-



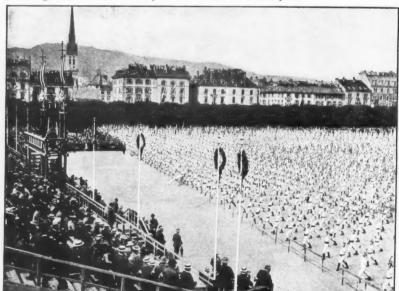
sleep at a fairly early hour, for on the zerland-"gewerfen," or spear-casting. second day occurs the most striking feature of the meet. The athletes assemble, each in the quarters of his union, and march to the open field where the meet is to be held. When they are massed in a hollow square, one of the local clergymen steps into the center and offers up a prayer. Then begins a mass drill of the seven thousand contestants. The effect of so vast a number of men, each clad in a closefitting suit of white and a broad belt of darker stuff, all moving as if one mind controlled every movement, is indescribable.

Not a single order is given; a great band plays the airs with which the athletes are familiar, and they are guided solely by the music. After a half hour of these exercises, the contestants separate, to participate in the different individual events.

Weight-throwing, wrestling, and "schwingen," which is a form of wrestling, jumping, the horizontal bar, the parallel bar, the horse, rope-climbing, obstacle- and foot-races, fencing and swimming, are included in the list of contests. In addition is a competition of particular interest to the foreigner, since it is seen only in Swit-

On the last day of the meet another mass drill of all the contestants and members takes place, followed by the award of the prizes to the victorious local unions and to the individual victors. As this event is to end the meet, it is made an impressive pageant. The most beautiful young women of the city are grouped about the municipal officials on a large platform, and the winners of prizes march up one by one and receive laurel and oak crowns upon their brows. Where the winner is a club. instead of an individual, the wreath is placed on the staff of the local banner, and these wreaths are preserved in cases on the walls of their home gymnasiums.

When the meet closes, the athletes march from the field in the order in which they entered it, still wearing or carrying on their banners the wreaths they have won. From all the gates and roads of the city they file, each organization in the direction of its home, or to the railway station. Many of the unions prolong the pleasure of the event by walking to their homes in a body, and on the day following, all the visitors have left the city and it resumes its accustomed quiet.



STANDS; CROWDS ON THE HOUSETOPS WATCHING THE EXERCISES.



# INTERESTING PERSONALITIES IN THE BUSINESS WORLD.

NORMAN BRUCE REAM.

By EDWIN LEFEVRE.

NORMAN BRUCE REAM is more than about the man's career. Any one who power to read conditions clearly, to weigh has come to be. never had dealings with him.

Norman B. Ream is a big man-big of a multimillionaire. He is even more body, of brain, of heart. He has worked than a "character." He is a philosopher. much, he has thought clearly, he has lived Nature gave him a powerful physique. cleanly and he has made many and devoted From his ancestors he inherited calmness friends. It is interesting to speculate on what of thought, tenacity of purpose, integrity. he would have lived to be had he been born From whom his wonderful tact came, there in Scotland or Germany, and worked there. is no telling. The combination made mil- In this country, the greatest of our capilions of money for him. And more: it talists, the half-dozen men whose aggremade him the only greatly successful man gate fortune exceeds a billion of dollars, in the United States who has no enemies. value Mr. Ream's judgment very highly. To me, this is the most remarkable thing Mr. Ream has shown how striking is his knows Ream well understands how this the various factors of a situation accurately, What is difficult is to and above all, dispassionately. He knows make the reason plain to those who have so many men-his passion is to see how men reason-he has lived so strenuous a

so varied enterprises, that there are few men in this country who know this country or their countrymen so well as he. He has no illusions and permits himself no prejudices. But in his heart he is an optimist, and he has worked the hardest "My always on the constructive side. dear young man," he once said to a pessimist, who had been talking "bear market" brilliantly, "I myself have buried eleven men who bet against the United States."

His training has fitted him for everything. He has worked in the stockyards of Chicago, tramping about in the slush and the mud, weighing hogs with a glance of his eyes, meeting all manner of rough people; he has "kept store" in a country town, meeting none but farmers; he has stood in the pit, on the Board of Trade; and besides this, he has fought and bled for his country, serving in the army of the Union until invalided by wounds; he has run a half-score of different business enterprises at once-lumber, brickmaking, street-railways, ranching, speculating in grain and live-stock; and to-day he sits in the offices of great bankers and railway "strategists" and he smokes his cigar and listens, until he begins to talk, when they listen. One of his family told me once, years ago, that when the census man asked his occupation, Mr. Ream answered, "Farmer!" because he did own a farm and his only other business at the time was that of speculator. He himself denies that he ever "plunged." At all events, he is one of the most careful, most conservative business men in this country, which makes him welcome in the directorates of a score of corporations large and small, but mostly large. He has been an upbuilder, a developing force, not only with his own means, but with the fortunes of men like the late George M. Pullman or the vast one of Mr. Marshall Field, the richest man in America after Mr. John D. Rockefeller. These men have gone into whatever Mr. Ream has advised them to go into, or together they have agreed upon various plans.

Norman Bruce Ream was born on a farm in Somerset County, Pennsylvania, November 5. 1844. On his father's side he is of German extraction. From his

business life, has engaged in so many and German blood comes the deliberateness that is characteristic of him. On his mother's side he is Scotch and English, but chiefly Scotch. It is a good mixture. He grew up as farmers' boys did in those days, only he was ambitious to be more than a farmer. He aspired to keep a country store. When he was fourteen he taught -or, as they called it then, "kept"school. At sixteen, he was six feet one inch tall, and was conscious of it-a shy, rather earnest, rather slow country lad. At seventeen, he enlisted. He thinks the greatest education he received was in the army. He met men, young men like himself and old men, who came from Indiana. from Iowa, from Illinois-states which had been merely geographical expressions to him. They told him about the boundless West, which had seemed so far away from Somerset County! He drank their words, fascinated by their narratives, probably perceiving clearly even then the marvelous possibilities of that undeveloped country and its resources.

In 1864, he was sent back home, a lieutenant and an invalid-shot clean through the body, and through the thigh in two places. At Washington they placed him on the pension list, and he surprised the bureau clerks inexpressibly He was by never drawing his pension. for a time in too delicate health to farm or to go West, so he realized the dreams of his childhood and opened a little store near his home. There he stayed two years. sold out, and with all his fortune in his pocket-he wasn't exactly bowed down by the weight of it, but it was creditable enough for a boy to have earned and saved -he settled in Princeton, Illinois, in 1866. There he opened a general store.

It was not more than a year or two be-

fore he realized that he was not meant to be a successful country storekeeper. made a failure of it, in his own estimation, and went to Iowa, where he bought and sold hogs, provisions, live-stock and agricultural supplies generally. He obtained credit for hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of farm implements, and sold them to farmers on time. There was a period of adversity, and the farmers were unable to pay Ream, who in turn was unable to pay the manufacturers. He would have made

and the debts behind. It did not discourage him. hundred thousand dollars he owed, with interest at rates that would to-day be considered usurious. But he succeeded. the stockyards, buying and selling hogslong hours in all sorts of weather, building up a commission trade which afterward was of use to him. In 1875, when he had settled his debts, he joined the Board of Trade.

At first he did a commission business in divers products. But he never would work for anybody but himself, not even as a farmer's boy, and a commission business means working for one's customers. He gave it up and "traded"-it is the technicism for speculating-for himself exclusively. He did this for years.

He formed one of the "Big Four" in the Board of Trade-the brains of the four, said those who knew him and the three other fearless operators. Their first picturesque exploit, measuring its importance and picturesqueness by the amount of newspaper space it was worth, was when the "Big Four" fought Peter McGeogh, the Scotchman from Milwaukee, who was a wily and sapient specialist in provisions. McGeogh cornered lard, ran his corner several months and finally failed-the most disastrous failure in the history of the Board of Trade, according to those who should know. The Big Four fought the corner from the start. The friends of Ream say that had the corner lasted another day the Big Four would have gone under. may be doubted. But it ought, for storytelling purposes, to be true, since the four cleared a million apiece, or more.

The phrase, "investment-selling," was string"-an exceedingly slim margin.

an assignment, but his creditors did not countries, Argentina for example, must want that. They preferred to let him soon be reckoned with as wheat-producers, work and pay them off in the course of and in our own country, how each new time, which he did. It was no fault of section which attracted an agricultural popuhis own that hard times came, that farm- lation would become also a wheat-producer, ers, unable to pay the extortionate in- since wheat was the best-easiest and most terest on their mortgages, moved farther readily marketable-crop to grow. Ream west, leaving the farms, the implements studied it all out, and then he and his friends began to sell wheat short. From 1871 to 1875 he those days, if wheat sold below one dollar worked hard, very hard, to pay the four a bushel it was considered a crime against one's family not to go "long" of it-to buy it.

While Norman B. Ream has been de-He worked in Chicago in those years, in scribed by a fellow townsman of his as a constructive speculator, he can go short as easily as he can buy. There used also to be charges amounting to about two cents a bushel a month for interest, insurance and elevator charges, for the wheat had to be "carried" on borrowed money (whence the interest) in an elevator, and it had to be insured. Ream sold the wheat short-"for investment" - and collected his two cents a month on each bushel. He says it was not gambling, because it was a sure thing, perfectly obvious to all-after he had shown them how. He used to talk about his being a pocket bank, a pocket elevator and a pocket insurance company, collecting the charges on about ten million bushels continuously. In the course of time this ended, as the farmer became better off and able himself to carry his own wheat without the assistance of the bank. The end of it, as far as Mr. Ream was concerned, was in 1888.

In his speculations on the Board of Trade, Mr. Ream amassed millions in a few His mind was made for analyzing conditions, for reading them clearly, and there are few men in the world who have so strongly the courage of their convictions as he. He is so certain that he reasons logically that once he is convinced his facts are correct, he cannot admit that his deductions from those facts can be faulty. In Chicago, in the early days, they used to call him a plunger. They said he took desperate chances, speculated "on a shoecoined by Ream in the late seventies. It asked him point-blank once whether this came about in this way: Ream, who was was true, and he said he never speculated one of the best-posted men on wheat and in his life beyond his means and could wheat matters in the world, saw how other always protect himself abundantly.

conservative capitalist. That is because they don't know and never did know the kind of speculator he is. He is a logical thinker, a clear reasoner, slow rather than quick, but accurate; his mind is a beautiful reasoning-machine, adjusted to make money. Do not misunderstand this and imagine that he is sordid or that moneymaking is the chief end of his existence. He is not depressed when he loses money; he is not elated when he makes it. He has used his brain in this or the other deal: he has achieved something. That is everything. He has made a million by it: that is an incident; it was to be expected. He went into the deal to make money, not to lose it.

He has none of the showy qualities, but he often thinks in epigrams. Thus, to tell that he'd as lief sell short as buy, he said to me, "I trade on conditions, not on prejudices." And he added, reflectively, "I don't have them."

Here are some of his extemporaneous aphorisms, uttered in the course of a casual conversation, and remembered easily because of their phrasing:

"If I find a deal going against me, I close it out at once. I am in business to make money, not to lose it."

"If I buy, I never think of the price. It is the first thing I forget. A man who remembers the price he paid is bound to think of the loss he may make. That warps his judgment. I know it will all show in the ledger at the end of the year."

"The time to retreat is before you commence to advance. I first make sure of my ground. Then I go on to the end, not checked by discouragement nor frightened by adverse developments. If I am right, I must win out. Therefore I first make sure I am right."

"I never overcame an insurmountable obstacle in my life. I always saw the tenfoot stone-wall and I did not butt it down with my head."

His life, he says, after he paid the last of his debts in 1875, has been easy sailing. Ream has "gone into" numerous enterprises as a capitalist and has helped to make them successful. He has invested

People—friends of old, intimates, whilom cronies in the pit—don't understand how the erstwhile "plunger" can now be the conservative capitalist. That is because they don't know and never did know the kind of speculator he is. He is a logical thinker, a clear reasoner, slow rather than has his own home there.

Mr. Ream says he studies, first the men who are conducting an enterprise, their policy, the possibility of development. He does not try to master the details-he hires men who do that-and invests his money if he thinks best. He also advises as to a general policy. In that way he has been in dozens of boards of directorate. He often risks a few thousands in the schemes of enthusiasts, because sometimes they are right. In such cases he gives, say, ten thousand dollars. But on his books he appears as having invested one dollar! He deliberately loses nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine dollars at the outset, that he may have no illusions, I suppose.

Why has he no enemies? Through his sense of logic and the control he has over himself. "I did not come into the world to make enemies," he explained to me, one day, when I asked him if he should be loved for the enemies he did not make. "I am as impulsive as anybody; I get angry as easily as the best man. Don't you suppose I ever lose my temper? Yes. But the first thing I do when I am angry is to fight myself and conquer myself. My business is to make money, not foes. When I am cool, I tell the truth to the people who made me angry. Nobody gets mad at the truth, if the truth is told without temper. And as for men, I never try to change them. God made them as they are. I take them as they come; and that's the way I leave them. If the Lord made them bad, I am sure I can't make them good."

Think, if you please, of this philosophical attitude in a man whose experience and early life make it easy for him to get facts and know men, whose mind makes him reason logically and dispassionately, who is robust, persevering, of indomitable will without the faintest trace of stubbornness, and then you will not wonder that he has been successful. He is to-day probably the greatest peace-maker among the great financiers.

### THE DOOR OF UNREST.

BY O. HENRY.

room of the Montopolis "Weekly

Bugle." I was the editor.

The saffron rays of the declining sunlight filtered through the cornstalks in Micajah Widdup's garden-patch, and cast an amber glory upon my paste-pot. I sat at the editorial desk in my non-rotary revolving chair, and prepared my editorial against the oligarchies. The room, with its one window, was already a prey to the twilight. One by one, with my trenchant sentences, I lopped off the heads of the political hydra, while I listened, full of kindly peace, to the home-coming cow-bells and wondered what Mrs. Flanagan was going to have for supper.

Then in from the dusky, quiet street there drifted and perched himself upon a and as gnarled as an English walnut. I never saw clothes such as he wore. They would have reduced Joseph's coat to a monochrome. But the colors were not the dyer's. Stains and patches and the work of sun and rust were responsible for the diversity. On his coarse shoes was the dust, conceivably, of a thousand leagues. I can describe him no further except to say that he was little and weird and old, old-I began to estimate in centuries when I saw him. Yes; and I remember that there was an odor, a faint odor like aloes, or possibly like myrrh or leather; and I thought of museums.

And then I reached for a pad and pencil, for business is business, and visits of the oldest inhabitants are sacred and honorable,

requiring to be chronicled.

"I am glad to see you, sir," I said. "I would offer you a chair, but-you see, sir," I went on, "I have lived in Montopolis only three weeks, and I have not met many of our citizens." I turned a doubtful eye upon his dust-stained shoes, and concluded with a newspaper phrase, "I suppose that you reside in our midst?"

My visitor fumbled in his raiment, drew forth a soiled card and handed it to me. Upon it was written, in plain but unstead-

SAT, an hour by sun, in the editor's ily formed characters, the name "Michob Ader."

> "I am glad you called, Mr. Ader," I said. "As one of our older citizens, you must view with pride the recent growth and enterprise of Montopolis. other improvements, I think I can promise that the town will now be provided with a live, enterprising newspa---'

"Do ye know the name on that card?"

asked my caller, interrupting me.

"It is not a familiar one to me," I said. Again he visited the depths of his ancient vestments. This time he brought out a torn leaf of some book or journal, brown and flimsy with age. The heading of the page was "The Turkish Spy," in old-style type; the printing upon it was this:

"There is a man come to Paris in this corner of my desk old Father Time's year 1643 who pretends to have lived younger brother. His face was beardless these sixteen hundred years. He says of himself that he was a shoemaker in Jerusalem at the time of the Crucifixion; that his name is Michob Ader; and that when Jesus, the Christian Messias, was condemned by Pontius Pilate, the Roman president, he paused to rest while bearing his cross to the place of crucifixion before the door of Michob Ader. The shoemaker struck Jesus with his fist, saying: 'Go; why tarriest thou?' The Messias answered him: 'I indeed am going; but thou shalt tarry until I come'; thereby condemning him to live until the day of judgment. He lives forever, but at the end of every hundred years he falls into a fit or trance, on recovering from which he finds himself in the same state of youth in which he was when Jesus suffered, being then about thirty years of age.

"Such is the story of the Wandering Jew, as told by Michob Ader, who relates ---'' Here the printing ended.

I must have muttered aloud something to myself about the Wandering Jew, for the old man spake up, bitterly and loudly.

"'Tis a lie," said he, "like nine-tenths of what ye call history. 'Tis a Gentile I am, and no Jew. I am after footing it out of Jerusalem, my son; but if that

call 'The Turkish Spy' that printed the news when I stepped into their office on the 12th day of June in the year 1643, just as I have called upon ye to-day."

I laid down my pencil and pad. Clearly it would not do. Here was an item for the local column of the "Bugle" thatbut it would not do. Still, fragments of the impossible "personal" began to flit my conventionalized brain. "Uncle Michob is as spry on his legs as a young chap of only a thousand or so." "Our venerable caller relates with pride that George Wash-no, Ptolemy the Great -once dandled him on his knee at his father's house." "Uncle Michob says that our wet spring was nothing in comparison with the dampness that ruined the crops around Mount Ararat when he was a boy-"' But no, no-it would not do.

I was trying to think of some conversational subject with which to interest my visitor, and was hesitating between walkingmatches and the Pliocene age, when the old man suddenly began to weep poignantly

and distressfully.

"Cheer up, Mr. Ader," I said, a little awkwardly; "this matter may blow over in a few hundred years more. There has already been a decided reaction in favor of Judas Iscariot and Colonel Burr and the celebrated violinist, Signor Nero, is the age of whitewash. You must not allow yourself to become downhearted."

Unknowingly, I had struck a chord. The old man blinked belligerently through

his senile tears.

"'Tis time," he said, "that the liars be doin' justice to somebody. Yer historians are no more than a pack of old women gabblin' at a wake. A finer man than the Imperor Nero niver wore sandals. Man, I was at the burnin' of Rome. I knowed the imperor well, for in thim days I was a well-known char-racter. In thim ences, as housekeeper at the palace. days they had rayspect for a man that lived forever.

goin' to tell ye. I struck into Rome, up whin I feels the need of a smoke I must be 16th, the year 64. I had just stepped in the dark.' So there in the dark me

makes me a Jew, then everything that down by way of Siberia and Afghanistan; comes out of a bottle is babies' milk. and one foot of me had a frostbite, and Ye have my name on the card ye hold; the other a blister burned by the sand of and ye have read the bit of paper they the desert; and I was feelin' a bit blue from doin' patrol duty from the north pole down to the Last Chance corner in Patagonia, and bein' miscalled a Jew in the bargain. Well, I'm tellin' ve I was passin' the Circus Maximus, and it was dark as pitch over that way, and then I heard somebody sing out, 'Is that you, Michob?'

"Over ag'inst the wall, hid out amongst a pile of barrels and old dry-goods boxes, was the Imperor Nero wid his togy wrapped around his toes, smokin' a long.

black segar.

" 'Have one, Michob?' says he.

" 'None of the weed for me,' says I-'nayther pipe nor segar. What's the use,' says I, 'of smokin' when ye've not got the ghost of a chance of killin' veself by doin' it?

"True for ye, Michob Ader, my perpetual Jew,' says the imperor; 'ye're not always wandering. Sure, 'tis danger gives the spice to our pleasures-next to their bein' forbidden.

" 'And for what,' says I, 'do ye smoke be night in dark places widout even a cinturion in plain clothes to attend ve?1

" 'Have ye ever heard, Michob,' says the imperor, 'of predestinarianism?'

"''I've had the cousin of it,' says I. 'I've been on the trot with pedestrianism for many a year, and more to come, as ye well know.'

" 'The longer word,' says me friend Nero, 'is the tachin' of this new sect of people they call the Christians. 'Tis them that's raysponsible for me smokin' be night in holes and corners of the dark.'

"And then I sets down and takes off a shoe and rubs me foot that is frosted, and the imperor tells me about it. It seems that since I passed that way before, the imperor had mandamused the impress wid a divorce suit, and Missis Poppæa, a cilibrated lady, was ingaged, widout riferin one day,' says the imperor, 'she puts up new lace windy-curtains in the palace "But 'twas of the Imperor Nero I was and joins the anti-tobacco society, and the Appian Way, on the night of July the after sneakin' out to these piles of lumber

night the fire started that burnt the city. 'Tis my opinion that it began from a stump of segar that he threw down among the boxes. And 'tis a lie that he fiddled. He did all he could for six days to stop it, sir, "

And now I detected a new flavor to Mr. Michob Ader. It had not been myrrh or balm or hyssop that I had smelled. The emanation was the odor of bad whiskyand, worse still, of low comedy-the sort that small humorists manufacture by clothing the grave and reverend things of legend and history in the vulgar, topical frippery that passes for a certain kind of wit. Michob Ader as an impostor, claiming nineteen hundred years, and playing his part with the decency of respectable lunacy, I could endure; but as a tedious wag, cheapening his egregious story with songbook levity, his importance as an entertainer grew less.

And then, as if he suspected my thoughts, he suddenly shifted his key.

"You'll excuse me, sir," he whined, "but sometimes I get a little mixed in my head. I am a very old man; and it is hard to remember everything."

I knew that he was right, and that I should not try to reconcile him with Roman history; so I asked for news concerning other ancients with whom he had walked familiar.

Above my desk hung an engraving of Raphael's cherubs. You could yet make out their forms, though the dusk blurred their outlines strangely.

"Ye calls them 'cher-rubs, '" cackled the old man. "Babes, ye fancy they are, with And there's one wid legs and a bow and arrow that ye call Cupid-I know where they was found. The great-greatgreat-grandfather of thim all was a billygoat. Bein' an editor, sir, do ye happen to know where Solomon's Temple stood?"

I fancied that it was in-in-Persia? Well, I did not know.

"Tis not in history nor in the Bible where it was. But I saw it, meself. The Two of the biggest, sir, stood in the ady- the job. Oh, sir, ye would pity me thin

and the imperor sat, and I told him of me tum to form the baldachin over the Ark. And when they say the imperor But the wings of thim sculptures was inwas an incindiary, they lie. 'Twas that tindid for horns. And the faces was the faces of goats. Ten thousand goats there was in and about the temple. And your cher-rubs was billy-goats in the days of King Solomon, but the painters misconstrued the horns into wings.

"And I knew Tamerlane, the lame Timur, sir, very well. I saw him at Keghut and at Zaranj. He was a little man, no larger than yeself, with hair the color of an amber pipe-stem. They buried him at Samarkand. I was at the wake, sir. Oh, he was a fine-built man in his coffin, six feet long, with black whiskers to his face. And I see 'em throw turnips at the Imperor Vispacian, in Africa. over the world I have tramped, sir, without the body of me findin' any rest. 'Twas so commanded. I saw Jerusalem destroyed, and Pompeii go up in the fireworks; and I was at the coronation of Charlemagne and the lynchin' of Joan of And everywhere I go there comes Arc. storms and revolutions and plagues and 'Twas so commanded. Ye have heard of the Wandering Jew. 'Tis all so, except that divil a bit am I a Jew. But history lies, as I have told ye. Are ye quite sure, sir, that ye haven't a drop of whisky convenient? Ye well know that I have many miles of walkin' before me."

"I have none," said I, "and, if you please, I am about to leave for my supper."

I pushed my chair back creakingly. This ancient landlubber was becoming as great an affliction as any crossbowed mariner. He shook a musty effluvium from his piebald clothes, overturned my inkstand and went on with his insufferable nonsense.

"I wouldn't mind it so much," he complained, "if it wasn't for the work I must do on Good Fridays. Ye know about Pontius Pilate, sir, of course. body, whin he killed himself, was pitched into a lake on the Alps mountains. listen to the job that 'tis mine to perform on the night of ivery Good Friday. ould divil goes down in the pool and drags up Pontius, and the water is bilin' and spewin' like a wash-pot. And the first pictures of cher-rubs and cupids was ould divil sets the body on top of a throne sculptured upon thim walls and pillars. on the rocks; and thin comes me share of —ye would pray for the poor Wandering Jew that niver was a Jew if ye could see the horror of the thing that I must do. 'Tis I that must fetch a bowl of water and kneel down before it till it washes its hands. I declare to ye that Pontius Pilate, a man dead two thousand years, dragged up with the lake slime coverin' him and fishes wrigglin' inside of him widout eyes, and in the discomposition of the body, sits there, sir, and washes his hands in the bowl I hold for him on Good Fridays. 'Twas so commanded.''

Clearly, the matter had progressed far beyond the scope of the "Bugle's" local column. There might have been employment here for the alienist or for those who circulate the pledge; but I had had enough of it. I got up, and repeated that I must go.

At this he seized my coat, groveled upon my desk and burst again into distressful weeping. Whatever it was about, I said to myself that his grief was genuine.

"Come, now, Mr. Ader," I said, soothingly; "what is the matter?"

The answer came brokenly through his racking sobs: "Because I would not . . . let the poor Christ . . . rest . . . upon my step."

His hallucination seemed beyond all reasonable answer; yet the effect of it upon him scarcely merited disrespect. But I knew nothing that might assuage it; and I told him once more that both of us should be leaving the office at once.

Obedient at last, he raised himself from my disheveled desk, and permitted me to half lift him to the floor. The gale of his grief had blown away his words; his freshet of tears had soaked away the crust of his grief. Reminiscence died in him—at least, the coherent part of it.

"'Twas me that did it," he muttered, as I led him toward the door—"me, the shoemaker of Jerusalem."

I got him to the sidewalk, and in the augmented light I saw that his face was seared and lined and warped by a sadness almost incredibly the product of a single lifetime.

And then high up in the firmamental darkness we heard the clamant cries of some great, passing birds. My Wandering Jew lifted his hand, with side-tilted head.

"The Seven Whistlers!" he said, as one introduces well-known friends.

"Wild geese," said I; "but I confess that their number is beyond me."

"They follow me everywhere," he said. "Twas so commanded. What ye hear is the souls of the seven Jews that helped with the Crucifixion. Sometimes they're plovers, and sometimes geese, but ye'll find them always flyin' where I go."

I stood, uncertain how to take my leave. I looked down the street, shuffled my feet, looked back again—and felt my hair rise. The old man had disappeared.

And then my capillaries relaxed, for I dimly saw him footing it away through the darkness. But he walked so swiftly and silently, and contrary to the gait promised by his age, that my composure was not all restored, though I knew not why.

That night I was foolish enough to take down some dust-covered volumes from my modest shelves. I searched "Hermippus Redivivus" and "Salathiel" and the "Pepys Collection" in vain. And then in a book called "The Citizen of the World," and in one two centuries old, I came upon what I desired. Michob Ader had indeed come to Paris in the year 1643, and related to "The Turkish Spy" an extraordinary story. He claimed to be the Wandering Jew, and that—

But here I fell asleep, for my editorial duties had not been light that day.

Judge Hoover was the "Bugle's" candidate for congress. Having to confer with him, I sought his home early the next morning; and we walked together down-town through a little street with which I was unfamiliar.

"Did you ever hear of Michob Ader?"
I asked him, smiling.

"Why, yes," said the judge. "And that reminds me of my shoes he has for mending. Here is his shop now."

Judge Hoover stepped into a dingy, small shop. I looked up at the sign, and saw "Mike O'Bader, Boot and Shoe Maker," on it. Some wild geese passed above, honking clearly. I scratched my ear and frowned, and then trailed into the shop.

There sat my Wandering Jew on his shoemaker's bench, trimming a half-sole. He was drabbled with dew, grass-stained, unkempt and miserable; and on his face was still the unexplained wretchedness, the problematic sorrow, the esoteric wo, that had been written there by nothing less, it seemed, than the stylus of the centuries.

Judge Hoover inquired kindly concerning his shoes. The old shoemaker looked up, and spoke sanely enough. He had been ill, he said, for a few days. The next day the shoes would be ready. He looked at me, and I could see that I had no place in his memory. So out we went, and on our way.

"Old Mike," remarked the candidate, has been on one of his sprees. He gets crezy-drunk regularly once a month. But

he's a good shoemaker."

"What is his history?" I inquired.
"Whisky," epitomized Judge Hoover.
"That explains him."

I was silent, but I did not accept the explanation. And so, when I had the chance, I asked old man Sellers, who browsed daily

on my exchanges.

"Mike O'Bader," said he, "was makin' shoes in Montopolis when I come here goin' on fifteen year ago. I guess whisky's his trouble. Once a month he gets off the track, and stays so a week. He's got a rigmarole somethin' about his bein' a Jew pedler that he tells ev'rybody. Nobody won't listen to him any more. When he's sober he ain't sich a fool—he's got a sight of books in the back room of his shop that he reads. I guess you can lay all his trouble to whisky."

But again I would not. Not yet was my Wandering Jew rightly construed for me. I trust that women may not be allowed a title to all the curiosity in the world. So when Montopolis' oldest inhabitant (some ninety score years younger than Michob Ader) dropped in to acquire promulgation in print, I siphoned his perpetual trickle of reminiscence in the direction of the uninterpreted maker of shoes.

Uncle Abner was the Complete History of Montopolis, bound in butternut.

"O'Bader," he quavered, "come here in '69. He was the first shoemaker in the place. Folks generally considers him crazy at times now. But he don't harm nobody. I s'pose drinkin' upsot his mind—yes, drinkin' very likely done it. It's a

powerful bad thing, drinkin'. I'm an old, old man, sir, and I never yet see no good in drinkin'.''

I felt disappointment. I was willing to admit drink in the case of my shoemaker, but I preferred it as a recourse instead of a cause. Why had he pitched upon his perpetual, strange note of the Wandering Jew? Why his unutterable grief during his aberration? I could not yet accept whisky—as an explanation.

"Did Mike O'Bader ever have a great loss or trouble of any kind?" I asked.

"Lemme see! About thirty year ago there was somethin' of the kind, I recollect. Montopolis, sir, in them days used to be a mighty strict place.

"Well, Mike O'Bader had a daughter then—a right pretty girl. She was too gay a sort for Montopolis; so one day she slips off to another town and runs away with a circus. It was two years before she comes back, all fixed up in fine clothes and rings and jewelry, to see Mike. He wouldn't have nothin' to do with her, so she stays around town awhile, anyway. I reckon the menfolks wouldn't have raised no objections, but the women egged 'em on to order her to leave town. But she had plenty of spunk, and told 'em to mind their own business.

"So, one night they decided to run her away. A crowd of men and women drove her out of her house, and chased her with sticks and stones. She run to her father's door, callin' for help. Mike opens it, and when he sees who it is he hits her with his fist and knocks her down and shuts the door.

"And then the crowd kept on chunkin' her till she run clear out of town. And then next day they finds her drowned dead in Hunter's millpond. I mind it all now. That was thirty year ago."

I leaned back in my non-rotary revolving chair, and nodded gently, like a mandarin, at my paste-pot.

"When old Mike has a spell," went on Uncle Abner, tepidly garrulous, "he thinks he's the Wanderin' Jew."

"He is," said I, nodding away.

And Uncle Abner cackled insinuatingly at the editor's remark, for he was expecting at least a "stickful" in the "Personal Notes" of the "Bugle."

## THE DIARY OF KING EDWARD VIII.\*

EDITED BY -

IN the month following the dinner at with accounts of royal expenditures and ting together of a commission which should the British people. take in hand the work of reorganizing the school systems of Great Britain. My most increased by a discovery which I had made, ally inimical because of my position as sov- mission of investigation. The announce-

private vantage-ground seemed to be fully fluence was at be exerted against predatory bureau of private secretaries.

Oxford, I gave much time to the get- the incubus that a royal family was upon

The animus of these attacks had been difficult task was with Parliament. The that the people were being systematically men in public life were largely the product robbed through a clique which extended of the English universities, and naturally its range of operations all the way from each felt warmly toward his alma mater. offices for favored adherents to war supplies. I began with my closest friends and gradu- I was able, without attracting public attenally brought in men who, although natur-tion, to have appointed an official comereign, would be disposed to favor my wishes. ment of the commission was made in a way Meanwhile the press had been very busy. to attract as little attention as possible to Endless rumors regarding myself were its real object. Later on, however, those circulated. In nine cases out of ten my most interested began to have an inkling motives were misrepresented. The men as to the ultimate ends to be attained, and who had been using the empire for their the personal attacks became more violent.

It was at this time that, with Captain roused to the danger of a king whose in- Heath's assistance, I organized an elaborate statesmen. As the months went by, their Heath was authorized to make twelve aptalk grew bolder, their journals were filled pointments at salaries ranging from one to

NOTE BY THE EDITOR .- Apropos of the Oxford dinner, it may be mentioned that in March there came to this country Dr. George R. Parkin, who brought with him the examination papers to be used by American students competing for the Rhodes scholarships at Oxford. Upon landing from the "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse," he was interviewed by the New York "World." He said, in explanation of his coming:

"America needs men of world-wide knowledge. At Oxford the student gets that knowledge which will enable him to stand among the great statesmen of the world. Oxford, during three centuries, has turned out literary statesmen for England as regularly as clockwork. What the Rhodes commission wants is young men of power and brains, a good type of American manliness."

To this we venture to reply:

Seen through American eyes, Oxford has not turned out two great statesmen of high integrity, broad conceptions and personal courage to each of these three centuries. THE COSMOPOLITAN offers a prize of one hundred dollars to the first who shall

name such two to each century, if such there be.

But Oxford annually puts forth a crop of parliamentary mediocrities, of literary prigs, of political makeshifts, of legislative dilettanti, of conservatives, of opportunists, of men who sweep with the tide and never put forth a fearless effort in behalf of improved government.

Has she produced in the last century a Benjamin Franklin, a Thomas Jefferson, an Andrew Jackson or an Abraham Lincoln? Her statesmen follow in a gentlemanly way along the channels of personal advantage, of social success, of universal respectability; and to-day London has twenty-two thousand homeless ones in her streets.

Has Oxford sent out within fifty years a single great figure, who can be spoken of as having a splendid courage, a high integrity, a clear intelligence, a comprehensive grasp of improved governmental methods, and, at heart, solely the interests of his fellow-men?

Class favoritism, social kotowing, cowardice in opposing popular measures, disciples of the has-been and the commonplace-these are her graduates.

Cecil Rhodes did not propose to send American youths to Oxford to be educated, but American youth to educate Oxford in the ways of a great republic.

\* Begun in the January Cosmopolitan.

two thousand pounds per annum each. The whole cost of the bureau was something like twenty thousand pounds a year. The salaries themselves were fairly liberal; but not for the class of men I hoped to bring in my service. I was able, however, to secure talents entirely disproportionate to the amounts paid. I felt sure that service of this character offered advantages, in addition to the salary, which would be eagerly availed of.

Great care was taken in picking these men. Two of them were found in the army among men whom Captain Heath had watched carefully; two were obtained from the ministry; three were young engineers already springing into note; three were business men who left responsible positions in order to come with me, and two were

college professors.

The work of this bureau of secretaries was divided under numerous heads. One committee was appointed to investigate and inform me of all important legislation; a second would consider questions concerning the development of Africa; one to keep watch over our friendly relations with foreign states; the largest, most important, was that on Education; and still another had in charge matters pertaining to the industrial development of Great Britain; and another was on Commerce.

These committees were not organized on any cut-and-dried lines. Their sole instruction was that they were appointed to benefit the British empire, and that everything that pertained to its benefit should come properly under their consideration.

Meanwhile, my unpopularity had been steadily growing more pronounced. Amongst the favored classes, which had formerly been most effusive and demonstrative in their loyalty to the king when he was a mere figurehead, there was now a bitterness which expressed itself in misrepresentation, in criticism, in jesting at my expense and in constant denunciation.

The reason of this was not far to seek. I had managed to place myself in the way of a hundred schemes of spoliation. Incorpetent men had been prevented from reaching positions where they could do harm. Civil service, under the impetus I had managed to give it, was attracting persons of brains without political or social "pull."

In the army and navy the same influence had been started to select men who were really mastering their professions and exhibiting capacity to improve the service.

While in society my name was being greeted with contempt, because I was trying to disturb the equanimity of those established methods which had resulted in military rottenness in the Transvaal and putting in London twenty-two thousand homeless people, I was raising up for myself friends amongst the liberal-minded and those who believed in good government. But, unfortunately, these were composed largely of men who believed in republican institutions-who knew that while one king might be high of purpose and earnest for the right, it was not unlikely that a successor might be a weakling, unable to see or incapable of resisting the influence of such strong personalities as were always endeavoring to convert the state to their own private purposes.

As the months passed by, the men who had formerly been using the empire began to get together in closer bonds. They saw in a king intent upon performing his duties and throwing his influence against every evil, a power sufficiently mighty to counteract the most important of their schemes.

I began to hear reports of republican meetings. These, small at first, took on a more open form as time went by. All sorts of influences began to unite both the best and the worst elements against me. The church was up in arms over my plan of education—political interests over my exertions against schemes of personal aggrandizement. Certain manufacturers were dissatisfied with suggestions I had made regarding the improvment of the condition of labor. In Lombard Street I had come to be spoken of as an "unsafe man," "a dangerous reformer."

I thought I was aware of what was going on; but my secretaries' organization was incomplete in one direction. No provision had been made for keeping me informed as to secret plots. Nor did I wish for any form of espionage, preferring to work entirely in the open.

Political ambitions were now exerting influences in many directions.

Samuel Posenard, whose popularity, strange to say, had grown in proportion to

the development of his unscrupulous plans, seemed to have won the hearts of the entire British public. He had organized the most ingenious press association ever brought under a single management. There were at this time in England two young men possessing wonderful powers for constructive business. They had under their control a great number of periodicals and a chain of daily newspapers. With these as a nucleus, combinations had been made with a number of other papers, giving to each some advantage in return for support. To the public this combination was not in evidence. In many ways these newspapers were antagonistic to one another, but on certain subjects they received promptings from but one hand.

It was surprising to note the variety of the ways in which I was attacked. There was an ingenuity exercised in showing me up as an incompetent and making me ridiculous, which bore fair evidence of the great number of brains engaged in seeking to destroy my influence. But the remarkable fact was that the attacks were never direct. My actions never received a frank The breaking-down process discussion.

was always by indirection.

The death of the queen through the tragic accident in the streets of London, with which the public is familiar, came as a great shock. For a long time, I was borne down with my loss. Then I gave myself up to harder work in behalf of the public interests. For a while, public sympathy with my sorrow gave me back a portion of my former popularity. But in the course of time, the terrible accident to the queen became merely a memory, and my opponents were urged to renew their activities.

Twice had I been able to bring my personal influence to bear in preventing war. I found relief from pressing cares in running off to the Continent, studying the institutions of other countries and at the same time establishing relations of a more friendly character with their governments.

The report of my Commission of Education was given out at the time when prejudice had already been excited in the strongest way. Those who held degrees from Oxford, from Cambridge, or who had been part of the great public schools, were incensed at the propositions made to chiefs of the conspiracy, but kept in

change those methods of education under which they had been, as they believed, so successfully reared. Almost simultaneously, and evidently in response to the instructions of an organized body, meetings were held throughout the kingdom expressing the strongest dissatisfaction. At the same hour, the attacks in the newspapers became markedly more vituperative.

Early in May, I had been invited to visit a country house in Guernsey. Oppressed by the cares gathering around me, and wishing to secure a few days of uninterrupted study of certain plans, I went off in my yacht. On a bright afternoon in May, I had ridden with Captain Heath along one of the delightful lanes of Guernsey overlooking the sea. We were ten miles from my host's beautiful home and slowly cantering along a particularly lonely part of the coast, when suddenly, at a turn of the road, half a dozen horsemen presented themselves with cocked revolvers.

"Your Majesty is a pris-

But before the sentence could be concluded, a shot from Captain Heath's revolver-I had not suspected him of carrying a weapon-struck the speaker between the eves and the sentence was never finished. The next moment, Heath's pistol arm was struck by a bullet and his revolver fell to the earth. The party closed in around us and, almost in a second, both Heath and I were dragged from our horses.

"If your Majesty and Captain Heath will give your parole not to attempt escape, we will not bind your arms; otherwise we must secure ourselves against your attempts."

We consented to accompany them, as there was no possibility of doing otherwise. Then we were hurried down a path along the cliff. A handsome yacht, which had been cruising off the shore, obeyed a signal from one of the party and sent off a gasoline launch. Within fifteen minutes from the beginning of the attack we were on board and the yacht was steaming off rapidly to the open sea.

Four hours later, in London, a meeting of one hundred conspirators was held at the War Office. Other meetings had been called at twenty different halls throughout the city. In these were gathered men in close interest and obeying the call of the

ignorance of the reasons for coming together. Each meeting was briefly addressed with the news that important changes in government were pending, and the hope expressed that those present would give their fullest support to the men in whom they had long had confidence. Then they adjourned to march to the War Office en masse.

At nine o'clock the Committee of One Hundred appeared before the vast throng of their friends assembled in Pall Mall. Great bonfires lit up the assemblage. Baron Westerley stepped to the front and raised his hand for silence, then began to read from a paper:

"The king is on the sea in flight to a foreign country."

The multitude was filled with surprise so profound that the silence remained unbroken. He continued:

"A Committee of One Hundred, representing the people, the church, the army, the navy, the nobility and the press, viewing with alarm the usurpations of Edward VIII., so dangerous to the conservative interests of Great Britain, declare, in view of the king's flight, the throne to be forfeited, and proclaim a republic.

"Acting for the people, we have vested all authority temporarily in the hands of the existing ministry, who will immediately order an election of three hundred members to sit in Parliament for the purpose of adopting a constitution. One hundred peers selected by their order, and two hundred members elected by the people, will meet at Westminster on the 1st day of July."

The proclamation was received with a prolonged roar of applause. Above those assembled stood their leaders. Scattered through the crowd were the handy men who could be depended upon to carry out any suggestion originating with those from whom they derived advantage.

Messengers had been sent off post-haste to the leaders of the workingmen of London, and the streets quickly began to fill with a shouting crowd. Orders had been at the War Office in advance, and were now hurriedly sent off, instructing the several regiments to remain in their barracks. But few troops, indeed, were in England. Upon one pretense or another, they had been despatched to foreign stations. Those that remained, mostly Irish, had been put

in charge of officers who could be depended upon by the cabal. The navy had been scattered as far as possible to foreign stations. Never had a revolution been so systematically organized or so quietly conducted. It was all like clockwork. On a spring day, when there had been no suspicion that a conspiracy was on foot, there had been a revolution. This while the king had presumably at his disposal a powerful army and navy-even in the streets of London itself, a police force so numerous as to constitute a small army. movement had been made with celerity and precision, and apparently with a certain knowledge of the human factors. procession, so to speak, had started at the appointed hour, with every man in his place.

Perhaps it was all not so very surprising in view of the fact that for nearly a century England had been ruled by a king in name only. The nation's true governors had been an oligarchy composed of a mixture of vested interests—of men of the nobility, of society and of finance who used the government for their own ends.

When, then, because of the ambition of some, the dissatisfaction of others and the danger to a few, it seemed desirable to make a change, no obstacles stood in the way that could not be overcome by careful planning. Especially was it made easy by the alacrity to accept such a change upon the part of the only section of voters which had the interests of the country unselfishly at heart.

However, the republic which the plotters had at heart was not the ideal of a Bryce.

It was to be a republic as the kingdom had been—in name only. Its leaders had in mind an oligarchy, using the government for their own ends, deceiving the people with false representations, and using a small percentage of their stealings to corrupt the voters at the polls.

Meanwhile, the yacht aboard which I had been placed—a very large one, and specially coaled for the trip—was steaming rapidly away toward the Azores. I had been conducted to the large main cabin, and two of my captors remained with me, the meals being brought to an outer cabin by the third.

Doubtless a sharp lookout was being

kept on the deck for British cruisers, but there were few boats in the English navy which could overtake the "Sapphire IV." Yet the conspirators could not feel assured that they might not fall into the hands of an English naval captain, and it seemed probable to me that rescue would certainly come. Arriving one night fall off Horta, I was informed that during the day the "Sapphire" had communicated with a wireless station established for this special purpose on the shore. The despatches received told them that the revolution in London had been complete, that the new government was in full control, and that they were free to put me ashore without danger to themselves. Nevertheless, they did not care to take the risk of visiting a town for this purpose, lest there should be there a British cruiser, and I was landed with Captain Heath at some distance from the port.

It is history that the "Sapphire" hurried off to Rio Janeiro, and as she was entering port, fell in with a British captain, who, remaining loyal to his king, captured the "Sapphire" and hanged Lord de Garth, young Chamberlain and Captain Weston, who had been of the abducting

party.

Within a few days after reaching Fayal, I received communications from the English government pro tem., asking that I should remain there for the present. I was notified that my private fortune would be placed to my credit in the Bank of England, and that I should be free to draw upon it for any purpose except an attempt to restore myself to the throne.

Captain Heath's wounded arm had healed rapidly. He was able to look up for me a comfortable villa and find the necessary outfit. A week later, half a dozen of my servants arrived from England, and nine of the secretaries, who had been requested to leave London, likewise joined me.

In the quiet which followed all these events, I had an opportunity to reflect upon the curious punishments the world had from time to time administered to its would-be reformers. Here had been a king in full popularity, with his life given up to a round of useless pleasure, and worse than valueless to his people. A sudden recogni-

tion of what it all meant had inspired him to attempt to make valuable that which had theretofore been useless. He had thrown himself with tremendous energy—at least, such was my flattering estimate—into his new tasks. Night and day he had given his most vital energies to helping his people. And here he was at the end of twenty months, a king out of a berth—sent away from his kingdom almost without a single protest from those whom he had tried to aid. At least, if there were any protestants, they had found it wise to protest very mildly, and he smiled to himself as he thought of this strange fate.

Should I make an attempt to recover my throne? No. I felt that I had done my full duty. With joy I welcomed the thought that hereafter I could, with a free

conscience, be a free man.

A month or so after my arrival, I wrote inviting Lord Ashton and his daughter Lady Mary to visit me. Half a dozen other friends who were persone non grate to the new government were also asked to join me in my exile.

Life here is one of ease and reflection. We frequently make up parties for long walks over the island. Captain Heath and Lord Ashton, Lady Mary and myself, most often compose the party. I find great pleasure in my talks with the woman who first aroused me to a sense of my kingly duties. She jokingly refers to herself as the instigator of my downfall. I sometimes reflect with pleasure that a dethroned king is not bound by any legalities to make a royal marriage.

I am quite content that England should have chosen to become a republic. It is evident that there is a sentiment being rapidly awakened among all classes to the duties of the citizen under this new form of government. Notwithstanding my departure, my plans for education have been making headway. And I feel satisfied that when these are fully understood and fully installed, England will have a "material greatness and a moral grandeur" infinitely beyond that of her past; and there will no longer be twenty thousand homeless ones in the streets of London.

(THE END.)



I.

My DEAREST DARLING:

You are always my dearest, but to-day is such a particularly felicitous day that I must give you an extra hug—with the pen, as you are too far distant to allow of any other medium.

To-day—oh, Betty!—I come out. It was decided only last month, and I have been shivering and shaking ever since lest my dear mama should change her mind again and I go back to the seclusion of the schoolroom. She was doubtful as to whether seventeen was not too young. She said that I must be properly dressed if I came out, and that being properly dressed was very expensive. She added that it was impossible to let down these skirts with the slinked-in backs behind, and that I should always want new clothes, as I was still growing, et cetera.

She was saying all this to Aunt Madge after lunch, when I interrupted and promised and promised and promised and promised that I wouldn't grow another quarter of an inch if only she would let me come out. But all I got was, "Faustine, go and practise," in her "She-who-must-be-obeyed" voice. She evidently had not noticed me when she began. I was reading in a great big armchair in the corner, and I was dreadfully afraid she would, for I was engrossed in "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters," which I have been forbidden to touch. In my excitement at overhearing this conversation, I forgot possible consequences. I adore the "Love-Letters." I don't in the least know what it all means, but I think

it a beautiful book. If I wrote loveletters like that, I would never, never trust them to the post—but perhaps she registered them.

Jim, my conceited Eton cousin, hates them. He says "the poor devil" (that's the lover) must have cursed Rowland Hill. It seems he had something to do with the penny post and that I am a silly juggins because I didn't know it-to quote Jim, "with masters and mistresses going and coming all day long." As if I had masters and mistresses coming to teach me the rudiments of the penny post! I learn violin, Italian, bridge, cooking and German. It was stupid of mother to talk to Aunt Madge directly after lunch. meant raising her voice so loud, for Aunt Madge always goes to sleep at that time. She says it is her digestion, but I think it is having two helps of everything. lives like a dowager and eats like a schoolboy. Fatal combination. So Sir James Harton called it. He is Aunt Madge's last doctor and charges two guineas a visit, besides being fearfully rude-so he must be tremendously clever. Aunt Madge simply worships him. She says he has such compelling eyes-she pronounces "compelling" in inverted commas. But he doesn't seem able to compel her to have only one helping.

But I was telling you about my hearing that I might possibly come "out." "Out—out—out"—oh, lovely word!

excitement at overhearing this conversation, I forgot possible consequences. I house who wore a man's get-up down to adore the "Love-Letters." I don't in the where her waist should have been, and least know what it all means, but I think finished in deference to the county council with a hygienic skirt, desired emancipa- best?" beseeched mother, but she was

Well, just as I was about to close the door-I had to do it softly because the "Letters" was half-way up my sleeve-I heard Aunt Madge say in a somnolent after-lunch drawl: "My dear, exotic beauty doesn't last; and besides, she is so dark and excitable-the type never wears. Better let her come out." Then I heard a sort of heave and the creaky sound of strained silk, which I knew was Aunt Madge turning over for her after-lunch snooze. I didn't mean to listen, but I couldn't shut the door quickly because the "Englishwoman" was so dreadfully in the way; besides, I was simply paralyzed with anxiety. Mother, you know, thinks a lot of Aunt Madge's opinion because she married four plain daughters to four rich men-although one hadn't got a roof to his mouth-the man, I mean. Then mother said, in her reflective voice: "There's something in that, and Faustine is certainly dreadfully excitable. Oh! that French blood! And when I think-" She bit the next word off short between her teeth and sighed a deep, deep sigh that seemed to start from the soles of her shoes and wandered and fluttered about in her frills and furbelows before it came out of Mother never can forgive her mouth. père for having a French mother-she seems to illustrate a curse hanging over our family. It may be only because mother is "county" in the most extreme sense of that expressive word and always, even on the Continent, refers to foreigners - and yet I sometimes fancy my grandmother must have committed a crime of sortsdropped her h's, shall we say? But they wouldn't notice that in French.

Anyway, it doesn't matter. To return to the situation. "Soon she will look worn," snored Aunt Madge, "and lined." Mother moved uneasily; I heard her bugles jingle. "They wear so badly," mumbled Aunt Madge again into her cushion ("they" is I), "but they're uncommonly pretty while they last;" and then she fell asleep, with courageous indifference to Sir James Harton's opinion that she must not sleep within two hours of lunch.

"Madge, you really think it is for the

tion-whatever that may mean. I want answered only by my aunt's soft breathing. I heard the angry rustle of mother's frock as she rose impatiently, and I fled with the "Englishwoman" under my arm. That evening, after my milk and spongecakes (I am not allowed tea because of my complexion), mother received me in the drawing-room, with the expression that, I have learned, presages great tidings. She is always brief, and on this occasion she was briefer than usual. "You are coming out next month on your birthday," she announced. "I hope-

"Darling mother," I gasped, and for once I longed to kiss her, but she backed half a yard, so I kissed Aunt Madge instead, who was sound asleep and dreaming happily of an entrée and Sir James's

compelling eyes.

Darling, write and congratulate me. No one knows what coming out is except people who have been kept in. whatever gods there be, as your Swinburne has it, that I am dark. "Fair women wear so much better, " says Aunt Madge, at least three times a day. She is like a big, pink, flax-headed doll herself. "It is much better for you to come out and see what you can do," she invariably terminates when we have been discussing the great subject.

What am I expected to do? It is a little frightening, but I am fed up with culture -Italian, music, bridge, et cetera-and I am just dying to be-Out.

> Your loving FAUSTINE.

> > II.

DARLING:

Last night I came out at my ball. mother does a thing at all, there's no denying she does it very handsomely. It was simply a splendid ball, and I looked, Antoinette said, magnifique.

Antoinette is mother's French maid, and is always supposed to say the last word about everybody's appearance. Mine up till now she has simply ignored, but she came up to the scratch when she realized that I was about to burst upon the world, and began to dress me at five.

The ball opened at ten, and we had a dinner-party first, so I wanted to begin at four. But Antoinette was quite firm.

"Mademoiselle est si vite fatiguée. Il faut baronetcy. ce qu'elle verra." Well, I didn't grumble, fatiguee and don't wear well, I should still be in. I had a new dress for the dinner as well as the ball. My hair I wore à la vierge, and-ahem, things that made me look quite a new figure-no waist, but tremendously graceful. My dress was palest primrose, all shimmery, and I wore great bunches of dark violets. I looked adorable; even Antoinette said, "Pas mal." My ball-dress was (I had better get over the sartorial business at one go) whitedifferent shades of white-pearls, satin, lace, roses-all different yet all alike. Who was it said in a sermon that beauty is unity and diversity in one? It sounds too clever to have come out of a pulpit, but I know that it did. Mother was averse till she saw me. She held the idea that a débutante (how I hate that word) should wear pure white and lilies if possible. But my appearance converted her.

There won't be time to tell you about the dinner and the ball in this letter, and as I know you want to hear everything, I'll tell you about the dinner. There's no denying it was a little tedious, and so long. How people can eat when they are going to a ball, passes my comprehension; but Aunt Madge went stolidly through the whole menu and even managed to cope successfully with two helps of icepudding-just as if there were no compelling eyes in the world.

They were a stuffy lot, I thought—just the usual tip-top county. Oh, so dull! If I can ever choose, I will never speak to any one who has lived more than a year in one place.

Yes, one clod living on another till you can't tell which is which-that exactly defines an English county family.

Aunt Madge just before dinner told me I looked "nice" (horrid word-I felt like something to eat) and in the same breath informed me that Sir Harold Greyle was "See what you can coming to dinner. do," was written in her eye.

When I met him, I didn't feel that I wanted to do anything. I tried to remember that he was rich, and heir to an old

But I couldn't help noting qu'elle se repose jusqu'a cinq heures. Alors that he took off his hat every time he nous commencerons, et mademoiselle verra spoke of himself, and that he was very keen on snubbing people who instead of because if it wasn't that I am so vite being heirs to a baronetcy were heirs to other people's poverty. Not that he snubbed Faustine. He simply made for me-if you can apply that term to his stately progression toward this goal.

> But I am poor, or why should mother be so upset at the idea of my coming out in skirts that won't let down? We are certainly poor; if we are not poor, what did that dreadful Miss Smithers mean, who ran away with the riding-master, by saying at the dancing-class in a penetrating whisper, "The only things the Martyns pay ready money for are cabs"? Mother can't sell this old barracks because of the entail, and we can't let it because we can't afford to pay for repairs, so we have to console ourselves with the reflection that it was one of the finest places in the county and that it is a magnificent address, and not mind being hungry sometimes.

When Aunt Madge is staying with us, she pays mother something toward expenses; that, I believe, is why she is so particular about the cooking and always has two helps of everything, whether she wants them or not.

Sir Harold was to have brought a young cousin of his, a Mr. Thornton, who is just going out to the war, but he said, "The young beggar had been hunting all day and said he couldn't do both dinner and ball, so he chose the ball."

"Naturally," I said. And then he paid me a tremendous old-fashioned compliment, and mother looked so pleased. She told me last night that she did hope I should marry well and not waste my youth, because dark girls-et cetera.

I was afraid to say I had been listening and had to look as if it was all new. Oh, I am so tired of hearing that I don't wear well! It sounds like not washing well. Mother looked awfully beamy when she heard Sir Harold going on, and called me "darling" directly afterward, which is sure proof that the domestic barometer is set fair. She is not a woman of pet names and foolish diminutives; she generally calls me Faustine, with a superfluity of accent on the last syllable. It is horrible to think that one wears badly, instead of being of durable quality, as the drapers say. Mr. Maddox was the only lively one of the party. He is an oldyoung man who lives with his mother, and six months ago, when I confided to him that life was unendurable, he asked me to marry him.

He made such a dreadfully rude remark about an entrée. I was terrified lest

mother should hear.

She asks Mr. Maddox only because père is so fond of him. She hates him herself. She says that he is one of those dreadful people who think themselves clever. You should hear her say "think"! To return to the entrée. Mr. Maddox was sitting next Aunt Madge, and she was awfully excited about the entrée. It turned out to be pounded chicken (white) and there was a sweet little truffle sticking straight out of the middle, and I must admit that it did look a little like-

Attention! Aunt Madge (staring at Mr. Maddox' plate with raised lorgnette): "What is it?"

He: "Night-light. Last you eight hours."

I simply couldn't help a giggle, and Sir Harold was telling me about some old fossil in the War-Office-a great friend of his-who was heartbroken because the "Times" was saying rude things about him, and he had read the "Times" all his life and couldn't do without it, and the "Times" at present was unreadable, and what was he to do?

"Write to the 'Times,' "I said -because I had to say something. I was rather frightened when I had said it, for mother fixed me with the eye that you read in "Travelers' Tales" has power to quell the tiger-and I don't wonder.

Then Mr. Maddox, like the dear he is, interposed. If I could marry a man I couldn't love, I should marry Mr. Maddox

-he is simply an angel.

"Lady Martyn," he interposed, "have you heard of our last domestic catastrophe? The parlor-maid had hysterics outside the the throne and he would make them all as he is concerned, "ça marche," as An-Papists. Her aunt had told her that he toinette would say.

is an Irish Protestant-a most virulent variety, as you may imagine."

Mother regarded him with a bored eye, and said "Indeed!" in a voice that held a yawn, and poor Mr. Maddox retired discomfited, but Mrs. Wilcox! Perhaps you have forgotten her. She is the rector's wife and very deaf and Evangelical. She wears the silk that is supposed to stand alone, and has a Roman nose, and always contradicts people flat. Well, she leaned right across the table and said-in the voice that always makes her husband come when she wants him, whatever he is doing -"If I discern Papistical leanings in any of my servants, I immediately give them Fox's 'Book of Martyrs'-illustrated," she added with an awful emphasis.

Wasn't it killing? Mr. Maddox had fifty fits all in a row, like the man in the "Bab Ballads."

But how I waste time when I want to tell you all about the ball! But I simply can't this time. To-morrow.

Yours forever and forever.

FAUSTINE.

III.

DEAREST:

There doesn't seem anything in particular to say about the ball except that it was perfect enjoyment and that Sir Harold was an appalling nuisance. introduced his cousin. Mother is furious because I danced with him more than I did with Sir Harold. Sir Harold is old enough to be my father.

Mr. Thornton has just called. who was evidently expecting this most ordinary civility, has said, "Not at home." I hate-hate-hate Sir Harold.

Always yours, FAUSTINE.

IV.

DEAREST:

Charlie Thornton has called again, and as it is not so easy to be consistently rude to an inoffensive man, he has gained admittance, and he has gone on gaining admittance-and there have been other dances, and again ructions have been rife dining-room door because the dear, dear because I danced too often with him-and queen was dead and the king had come to I hate Sir Harold worse than ever. So far Life has resolved had once paid a visit to the pope. She into a tug-of-war-mother and Sir Harold

I don't feel that I ought to be in the all I know.

By now you will have got there by the aid of these sketchy phrases and anticipate

my news. It has all happened so quickly that I can hardly realize it myself. It is like an oldfashioned remance, is it not? - angry parent; lovely, impecunious damsel (I mayn't wear, but I am a bit of the best while I last); the affluent suitor who is prepared to relieve the family estate of debt and daughter; the lover and the war in which he is about to engage. The synopsis is quite complete, even to the faded rose. He began by saying that he was so fond of white roses -and the rest followed.

Though I am writing all

this nonsense, I am really very unhappy, at seventeen a girl should know her own troubles with an adequate sympathy that seems to render all other compassion superfluous, but I cannot help being a little sorry for her at present. She seems wor- sails to-day fortnight-and who knows

versus Charlie and me. As I am the stakes, ried out of her life about money difficulties-or is it just tactics? I note that fighting ranks, but here I am, and pulling Sir Harold's advantages-title, money, et cetera-are invariably enumerated after one of these outbursts.

It all worries me dreadfully. Mother

does say such very unkind things! Darling, now that you know. will you too turn against me and talk about ruination of a career - of hashed mutton, and one sitting-room? Above all, will you talk to me of faded looks (every half hour I hear that I sha'n't wear) driving a man to seek consolation elsewhere? Other people have got alongwhy not Charlie and I? At all events, we mean to try. At present, things are rather at a dead-lock, as mother refuses to sanction our engagement and Sir Harold declines to believe that



Drawn by C. M. Relyea.

for I don't know what has happened to mind. I believe that, deeply rooted in his mother. She has a way of matching her Early Victorian brain, lies a conviction that a wife could be molded-if caught younginto a worthy mate for his august self.

Mother might be less unkind. Charlie

what lies on the knees of the gods? agony, mother's eternal wail-cum-sneer has I am trying to make the most of these few days. I am trying not to remember the dreadful date. I am trying-trying -trying. Mother will not have him here, but she knows I meet him elsewhere. We had a terrible scene to-day after lunch. She says she washes her hands of me. I wish I could believe the ablution final. She has never loved me. How she would laugh if she heard that Charlie Thornton was dead or crippled! She has an appalling tongue. She told me vesterday that if he lost the use of his limbs it would at least insure his fidelity. "Cripples above all people want money," she sneered, "to enjoy themselves."

She may sneer and sneer, but never will I give him up. If only an old uncle, whom he has never seen, would take pity. It is terrible waiting for dead men's shoes, but he cannot take the money with him, and Charlie's father and he were as David and Jonathan till they quarreled over a woman. He has no one else to leave it to and the difference it would make to us!

But there! only let Charlie come home again, and for the rest-who cares?

> Yours always, FAUSTINE.

> > V.

DEAREST:

You want to know how affairs stand. I can't write of how affairs stand, for one DEAREST: half of my heart and soul is consumed by one hideous thought, "Suppose something happens," and the other half is striving to stifle the nightmare. I was determined to let nothing mar our last week and I broke down only twice, but now-but now-

Day and night, night and day, this terror is at my shoulder, shadowing my days and agonizing my nights. Fight as I may, I cannot forget. And yet many come home. Crippled, indeed, but still they come. God give him me as he will. Only send him back. I know myself for selfishness incarnate as I write this, for what is life shorn of all that makes life worth living? But God is good-at least, so say the priests, and if they do not know, who does? Since he went away I am so miserable, so miserable! I can't stand it-I can't-I

little power to wound. Yet sometimes I wish- I will give you some of her words and you shall judge: "I foresee your future. You will live off hope in the summer and despair in the winter." And then she puts into words the dreadful dim terror that is always in my mind, and laughs, "If you marry the wreck of a man, it will at least insure his fidelity."

Terrible words. I cannot rewrite this letter, and yet I feel that it is not fit to send. One purpose it has served-I take back that mad prayer, "Only send him back, and for the rest-who cares?"

I remember the words I heard on his own mouth: "Life-what is life shorn of all that makes life worth living?"

Poverty we two could fight together. Of that I am unafraid, but the other-

This is the maddest of all mad letters. Put it in the fire and forget it. Write to me that he may yet come home with an unshorn life before him. Write to me that the old uncle may yet play the part of good fairy-relent and die. Oh, wicked me! Am I the same girl who wrote about pretty frocks and different shades of white only two months ago? Truly, "to have geliebt is to have gelebt."

Yours always, FAUSTINE.

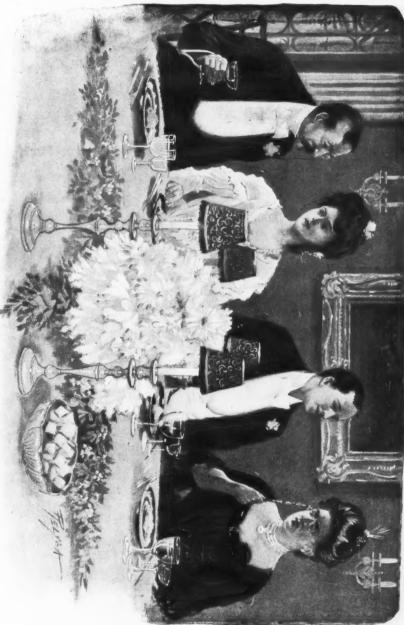
VI.

I enclose you two pieces of paper, because I know that without keeping these two pieces of paper before you, you will not be able to understand. I find it so difficult myself, and yet since I received the one I have thought of nothing elseuntil I received the other. I can't remember when I received either, but it seems recently, for since I received them I have not lived at all. The first letter is from Sir Harold, who says that he wants to be the first to wish me good luck. To cut it short, the uncle has relented and he has wired to Charlie, "Come and be happy." He is made of good stuff, Sir Harold, or perhaps he doesn't mind. Why should he mind? What does anything matter?

The other enclosure is a cutting from the next morning's paper. His name is Things cut both ways. In face of this one of five, and there is "Killed in Action"

Drawn by C. M. Relyea.

TRIED TO REMEMBER THAT HE WAS RICH, AND HEIR TO AN OLD BARONETCY."



above the list. There is nothing more to well. I wish they would all go away and say. I did not want the wreck of a man. At least, I prayed so for his sake, and God-if God there be-has taken me at my word-I have nothing. It is curious he should have come into his money the very day he was shot, was it not? If he had not been shot, we would have been married when he came home. I believe we would have been married anyway, whether the money had been left him or not. But it does not matter now. Mother cries dreadfully, and says, "Poor young fellow!" at intervals all day long. It is curious, for she never liked him. I can't cry at all, and I-

It reads foolish, but I have left off feeling anything except repetition of the wild delight when I heard of the money which meant an obstacle removed, and a renewal of the numb feeling when I read "Killed in Action" and the list below. Sometimes I am quite happy. I imagine him coming home, and the money insuring roses and sunshine. Mother is quite satisfied, and allows me to go and meet him.

It seems impossible that he is dead. Yet mother cries all day-but she never liked him, and I, who loved him, cannot cry at all. It is quite funny. Send me back the piece of paper with "Killed in Action" on the top and the list below, or I shall forget that he is dead. How foolish I am! How can I forget, when mother cries all day? I wish she wouldn't. I want to play at going to meet him when he comes home, and it is so difficult with her dull sobbing sounding and sounding in my ears.

She is so persuaded that I must be feeling as overcome as she is, that she has provided me with a doctor and nurse. She always realized sympathy clumsily. I know that her intentions are excellent, but the result is somewhat absurd, for I feel quite

leave me alone.

Send me back "Killed in Action" and the list below, or I shall forget. I am going on with this letter, but, do you know, I was just going to put on my hat to go and meet him. Perhaps, after all, there is some mistake. Be sure and send me back "Killed in Action" with the list of names underneath. You might underline his name-I can't-I can't-remember. Why does mother cry all day? She never liked him, and I-I loved him, and I am not unhappy.

On second thoughts, keep the list with "Killed in Action" on the top as long as you like, for while you keep it I can play at his coming home all day long. But I ought to remember, and indeed be glad, for I did not want the wreck of a man. "Life shorn of all that makes life worth living"-distinctly I remember his saying it.

The nurse objects to my writing any longer. It doesn't seem worth while making a fuss, for I can play at meeting him just as well in my head.

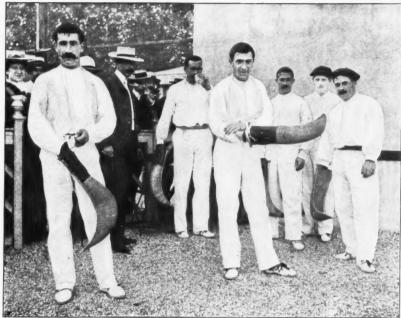
Why does mother sob so dreadfully? She is worrying about the money. Now I understand. I will explain again about the uncle. But I find myself continually explaining.

I began to explain, but she has run out of the room and is sobbing on the stairs. It is too absurd. She never liked him, because he was poor and I was going to marry him. Now I can't marry him and he is rich. What more does she want?

I must teach her to play at things in her head. I have played so long and so well that I can see Charlie coming across the room to meet me.

You won't mind my leaving off? Always yours, FAUSTINE.





### SPORTS WITH WHICH WE ARE UNFAMILIAR.

BY HELMET STAG ARCHER.

A LMOST every country has a national in the schools. In business, brain comdesire for novelty than any natural profiadapted to our tastes.

At any rate, each year sees several new effect of every move. games imported to rival the older favorites, from youth up. As boys they are graded all our familiar games have these qualities

sport which engages the popular petes with brain in the keenest rivalry, and attention, but in no country are so many in sports, physical prowess and skill different sports represented as in the United demand a competitor close at hand. We States. Perhaps it is more our constant want to exercise our muscles, but we want, perhaps more, to give stroke for stroke ciency as athletes that makes the intro- swiftly to a quick conclusion. Thus it is duction of new sports easier here than that tennis has a more lasting popularity elsewhere. Then, too, the facilities of than golf. We do not care to wait for the advertising, greater and better understood scores to be added up, and sit on a club in America than in Europe, make a brief veranda until the last competitor has put popularity possible even for sports not away his sticks, before knowing the result. We must score point by point and see the

In the leisure of our school and college and often they fail to interest after an days, it is possible to compete in football expensive trial of their merits. This is and baseball teams, and crews, but as we due chiefly to a failure to analyze the enter business we separate and must have American love of sport. Americans above games which can be arranged with little all like a contest. They are trained to it notice among a few competitors. Almost



A LEAP OF A HUNDRED FEET ON SKEES.

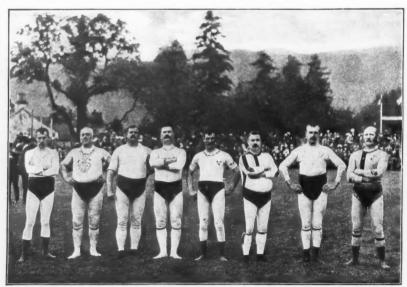
of bringing them man alone. to a quick conclusolely on one's

a reproach. A where a loss can-

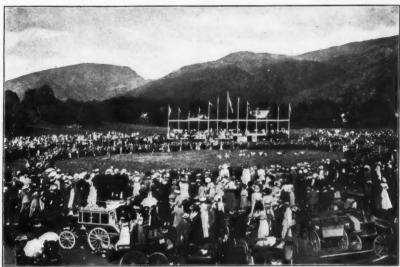
-the possibility team is easier to bear than that of one

There is a great field in this country for sion, the fascina- the introduction of new games, but it is tion of relying probable that those which really gain a lasting foothold will have the elements own skill, and the just mentioned. Among the curious and excitement of be- interesting foreign games, many owe their ing face to face popularity to local conditions or traditions. with a keen oppo- With our conglomeration of races, the Swiss spear-casting, for instance, origina-Americans are ting in the defense of mountain strongoften said not to holds, will never be popular. Archery, be good losers, but too, fails to entertain, except as a diversion this is not always for a lady's lawn-party.

The curious boat-race known in England good loser man- as "bumping" grew out of the fact that ages, as a rule, to many of the rivers are too narrow and lose more often winding for two crews to row abreast. than he wins. Bumping is in reality a pursuit race on Then, too, we water, the object being for the rear boat to have not the lei- bump with its bow the stern of the one in sure of the Briton the lead. This is the way in which the to form crews and Oxford crews train for a great part of the cricket teams, year, and the scene, while lacking the effect of the annual Poughkeepsie regattas not often be laid where six crews row abreast, still has its to the fault of a picturesqueness. The coaches and substisingle individual. tutes run along the shore or splash through The defeat of a the shallow water, while hundreds of



CUMBERLAND WRESTLERS. THE SHORT MAN IN THE CENTER OF THE GROUP IS THE CHAMPION.



HOUND-TRAILING IN WESTMORELAND, ENGLAND-THE START.

spectators sit on the banks or ride bicycles or drive rapidly to keep up with the con- for years have been partial to outdoor sports testants, the observation-train being an insti- which have not been introduced to any

The northern districts of Great Britain tution not yet imported into Great Britain. extent elsewhere. An open-air wrestling



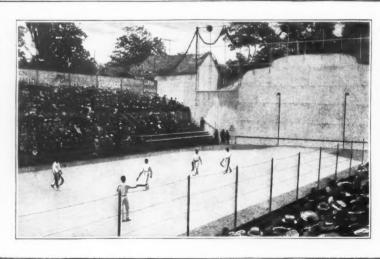
OPEN-AIR WRESTLING -A FAVORITE SPORT IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND.



SKEE-RACING WITH HORSES IN SWEDEN, POPULAR AT THE MILITARY POSTS.

tournament, for instance, in which a dozen honors.

Another sport peculiar to the north or more champions compete, never fails of England is hound-trailing. Whippetto draw a large and enthusiastic crowd. racing for short distances over smooth Through the year the contestants keep in tracks has, to be sure, been occasionally trim by means of competitions among the seen elsewhere, but the length of the course local athletic clubs, and it is no rare over rough boulders and steep ascents thing for a man well over fifty to appear at makes a stronger type of animal necessary one of the great meets as a claimant to first in these Westmoreland races. Big dogs they are, trained for speed and endurance, and



A GAME OF PELOTA IN HAVANA.

kind, is covered in thirty-three minutes.

the fact that several senators put on the a pleasant means of exercise. rear walls. cesta, or light wickerwork basket arrangetestants, but the game can be played with also played. six or eight, divided evenly.

Pelota has many advantages. is not likely to become popular among us outside of athletic and country clubs.

vogue even among the poorer classes in Cuba is accounted for largely by the fact that it is a recognized form of licensed gambling, and to own a pelotacourt is exceedingly profitable, even at a moderate charge for play or for admission, players and spectators alike making wagers on the result of a point or a game.

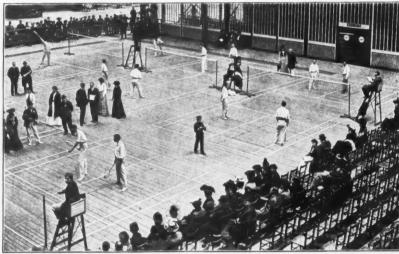
Squash- and court-tennis have been to some extent introduced in our larger cities and they are becoming popular, particularly as a means of getting thorough

the best of them can do a mile under exercise of all the muscles in a short period three minutes, and the entire course of of time. Squash particularly is so violent seven miles, full of difficulties of every and rapid a game, a tennis-ball being played from all four hardwood walls of the court, Of all the foreign games, none has been that only very vigorous men can take part in recently more commented on than pelota- it. To those who do not care for quite or jai alai, as it is called in Cuba. And so strenuous a pastime, badminton presents It may be gloved rackets and batted the ball around played either indoors or in the open air, the senate chamber in an effort to show the but its devotees in this country make it an innocence of the game, might have made indoor winter game exclusively, and it is it next season's fad were it not for the cost usually followed by a tea or other social of constructing the necessary courts. It function. Mere strength counts for little was introduced into the South American in badminton, and a woman can attain republics and Cuba from the northern prov- almost as much proficiency at it as a man. inces of Spain. A concha, or court, is A floor space of forty by twenty feet is built of concrete, open at the top and sides, marked out into four divisions, much like a two hundred feet long and sixty-five feet tennis-court. A net five and a half feet wide. The play is against the front and high is stretched across the middle, and On the front wall and floor the game proceeds much like a game of are iron strips painted red, to show the lawn-tennis, except that a battledore or boundaries within which the ball must very light racket is used, and a shuttlecock, strike to avoid being scored a fault. The five inches high, weighing only an ounce, game is not unlike court-tennis on a much takes the place of a ball. It must be larger scale, except that the ball is made struck always on the fly, for if it should of hard rubber bound with yarn and covered fall within bounds the side which has with sheepskin, and instead of a racket a failed to return it loses a point. "Mixed doubles"-a man and a woman constitument, is attached to the hand by means of ting a side-is its usual form, although a glove. Four players are the usual con- singles and men's and women's doubles are

Strangely enough, among the northern It is peoples indoor sports are scarcely known. exciting both to the player and to the Perhaps the climate makes them hardier spectator. It is splendid exercise and than others. Then, too, the fact that develops speed, muscle and skill. But it the chief source of opportunity lies in has the drawback of being expensive and marketing the natural resources of land and sea, tends to make them immune to Its the bitterness of cold and wind and snow



TRAINING FOR A SKEE-AND-HORSE RACE.



AT THE BADMINTON COURTS, LONDON.

Throughout Denmark, Norway and Sweden, skeeing is the sport which attracts more people than does any other pastime.

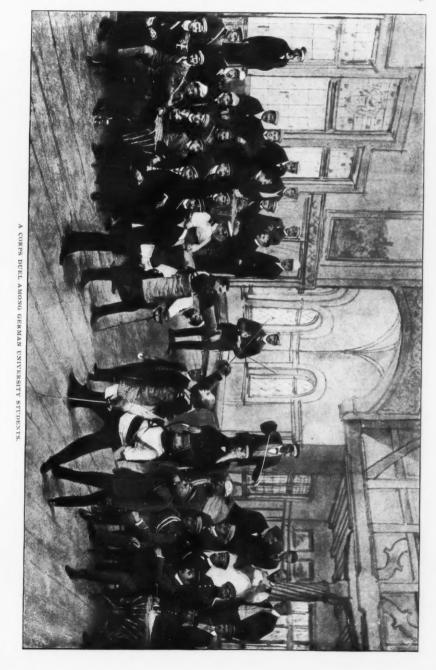
In America, too, skeeing has its devotees, and while there is little opportunity for it on the Atlantic or Pacific seaboard, the Scandinavian colonies in Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, and other Middle-West states, have brought with them and handed down to their children the love of this sport. There are many different kinds of skee-races-straight-away distance races, cross-country courses, hill-climbing, and ice, sometimes by single drivers, but often events in which four men are mounted on two pairs of skees. But the most popular each horse and an additional man in the -and incidentally the most spectacular-

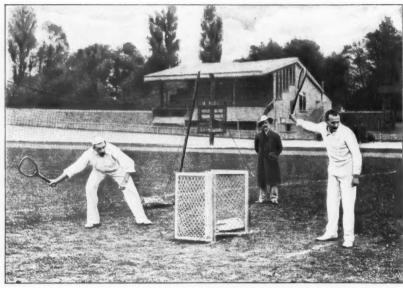
at the crest of a steep hill, gathering impetus as he descends, until he reaches a platform, from which he hurls himself into the air. Far out over the slope he skims, landing upright, sometimes a hundred feet from the take-off. On one occasion, a leap of a hundred and twenty feet was cleared, but the contestant fell and his record could not be counted.

In Russia, an exciting variation of ordinary skeeing has become popular. Horses driven by men on skees are raced over the with two or even three men on skees to saddle. On the speed of the animal and the is leaping for distance. The skeeman starts skill of the skeemen depends the victory



VIGRO-A COMBINATION OF TENNIS AND CRICKET.





horse-and-skee races are more popular at body to cheer on their favorites.

Among the few countries which cannot members of it. properly be said to have any national sport to this universal rule, provided Die Mensur, the great German universities. Membership installation.

When there are three drivers, the slightest in these organizations is as much sought swerving of a single skee results in a after as is election to American college dangerous fall for all three men. These fraternities. A particular cap with the colors of the club takes the place of the the Russian military posts than anywhere fraternity badge. The foremost of these else, and officers and men turn out in a organizations is the Borussia, at Bonn, for all the Hohenzollern princes have been

Subject to limitations of climate, there is Germany. One exception may be made is a great field for the introduction of new sports into America, provided they involve the German form of dueling, can be termed keen competition and vigorous exercise, and Fighting-clubs exist in all do not demand too great expense in their



A BUMPING RACE AT OXFORD.



JOHN W. BOOKWALTER.

Among the men talked about as presidential

or vice-presidential "timber," whose names will receive their quota of support at the great party conventions of the coming summer, none other has had so unusual a career as John W. Bookwalter. At the age of twenty without a dollar, at thirty a millionaire; at twenty-five the possessor of not even a common-school education, at thirty-five art critic, author and economist, Mr. Bookwalter has furnished an example in selfmaking and self-training which perhaps has hardly been equaled before even in a country where the log cabin has more than

once pointed the direction to the White House.

The rapid accu mulation of riches would not have been so notable had it come as the result of fortuitous speculation or of discovery. But in Mr. Bookwalter's case,

which he applied to every work that occupied his energies. To-day he has not only manufacturing interests in the East and in the Central states, but large agricultural enterprises in the West, and his business associations extend across the continent.

One incident of Mr. Bookwalter's career is so strikingly illustrative of his character that it is worth giving at some length. It concerns the making of a telescope-one of the largest, probably, at that time actually made in the United States, the handiwork of a young man seventeen years old who had never seen a locomotive.

To the little village on the Wabash River, in Fountain County, Indiana, where his father, a man of German stock, had a small farm, there came, one day in 1856, an itinerant lecturer who was advertised to talk in the town on the



the wealth MR. BOOKWALTER AT SUPPER WITH A RUSSIAN PEASANT FAMILY.

which he gained represented only profits on wonders of the heavens. the tireless industry and fertile brains, of admission was only five cents, but supplemented by unusual inventiveness, the elder Bookwalter, chiding his son

The price

for the levity which would gaze at stars foot, refused to purchase a ticket.

When the lecturer had passed to the next town, the stories which young Bookwalter's companions told him of the wonders they had seen filled him with the determination to construct a telescope and view them himself. He borrowed an old textbook on astronomy, and from it learned how a telescope is constructed. With a five-cent piece, which in some unexplained way he had become possessor of, he bought a large round-bottomed glass tumbler, and cut out the lower portion. With this, after weeks of toil performed after the regular hours of labor on the farm, and by using iron dust in place of emery, which he had not money to buy, he formed a lens of a diameter larger than any other then in use in any telescope made in the United States. He made the tube out of pasteboard.

Although this instrument was excellent for its kind, Mr. Bookwalter soon discovered the limitations of a refracting telescope with a chromatic lens. So he determined to construct a reflector. Night after night he walked to a brick-kiln, five miles away, for bricks to build a furnace. Some miles distant, a distillery had been burnt down; he secured a portion of its copper still, and began work in the furnace on his reflector. It required eight months to perfect the telescope.

Five years later, in collaboration with his brother Frank, he constructed a telescope twenty-three feet long which attracted the attention of scientists and was noticed in publications in England. He also made microscopes, barometers, Eolian harps and some kinds of electrical machines.

At the age of twenty, young Bookwalter never had seen a railway-train. He was twenty-two when he first heard the music of a piano. Until his twenty-first year, the aggregate of all the money which had ever been in his possession was not twenty dollars. When he left home, at twenty years of age, in search of opportunities which life on the Wabash did not seem to afford, he traveled afoot for lack of money to pay When he came to Fort Wayne, he was without a cent, and fearing arrest rain the riches of nature into the laps of as a vagrant, walked three miles out of the starving poor." town and slept in a barn.

But opportunity did not need to wait when there was so much to be done under- upon young Bookwalter: he forced its attendance. In 1863, he set up a turbine water-wheel and transferred the power by cable. The feat attracted the attention of James Leffel, the veteran water-wheel manufacturer of Springfield, Ohio, and Bookwalter was invited to enter his service. After Leffel's death, Mr. Bookwalter assumed entire charge of the plant, and soon was earning profits of over two hundred thousand dollars a year. He made a number of improvements in the manufacture of water-wheels, invented a new type of upright engine and made designs for the manufacture of plastic steel. In all. fifty patents have been issued to Mr. Bookwatter for his inventions.

Until the illness of his wife led Mr. Bookwalter to travel, in the hope of restoring her health, he continued to live at Springfield. At present he makes his home chiefly in New York city, and from there directs his many interests. These comprise, besides the water-wheel plant in Ohio, a steelcasting plant in Delaware, an agricultural implement manufactory and farm-lands and real-estate interests in Illinois, Indiana, Kansas and Nebraska. He is an enthusiast on the possibilities of the flying-machine, and has devoted not a little time in efforts at a practical solution of the problem of flight.

Mr. Bookwalter has traveled around the world several times, and one of the famous art collections in America, the fruits of his tours, he has presented to the city of Cincinnati. His entry into politics followed the death of his wife, and he has participated in Democratic national conventions and contested Ohio as Democratic candidate for governor.

Mr. Bookwalter is one of a group of extraordinary men in America who, having acquired great wealth themselves, are dissatisfied that the condition of so many other human beings should be so unsatisfactory. He believes that there are governmental solutions to the problem. This group believe with that Englishman of rank, Sir John Byles, who wrote: "A system of political economy will yet dawn which will perform as well as promise; which will

WILLIAM R. STEWART.

ELEANOR ROBSON.

Five years after her

and yet to the general public the personality shown in the work of the star. gether unknown.

willing to exploit her, to tell the story of her daily life and give her views on the ambitions of the bachelor girl and the influence of the new thought, but Eleanor Robson has declined to be exploited.

The one fact which is generally known to the theater-going public is that she is the daughter of a clever actress. Mrs. Madge Carr Cook, who is at present starring in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage - Patch." It may be that some of her

star within the space of five years. Nor that original plunge into stardom, for of all the plays guaranteed to nip ambition guarantee at every fall of the curtain.

And yet, from the wreckage of "Audrey." graduation from a con- Eleanor Robson emerged triumphant. vent school on Staten Island, Eleanor Those critics who had been most severe in Robson was being starred in a Broadway their denunciations of that most atrocious production. Her rise in the profession of book-plays, were loudest in their praise which she had chosen had been phenomenal, of the delicate artistry and simple charm of this young girl who had compelled suc- Winter, who scored the dramatization as it cess in such a short time was almost alto- deserved to be scored, declared that she It remains so to this had so far overcome the puerile situations The newspapers may have been and the flux of chatter which went to make

up "the fabric remotely and very dimly resembling a play" as to make a distinct and auspicious personal success.

But a much more distinct and emphatic success had already been scored by this young actress. During the run of "Arizona," in which her Bonita was one of the hits of the play, she had been engaged by Liebler & Co. to appear with Otis Skinner and Mrs. Le Moyne in a special performance of "In a Balcony" to be given at Wal-



ELEANOR ROBSON.

talent is inherited, but even inherited lack's Theater. The test was unusually talent does not suffice to explain the severe. The presentation of the Browning evolution of a schoolgirl into a Broadway poem-play was an experiment, the success of which was more than problematical. Miss would inherited talent alone have survived Robson was called upon to appear in a piece which provided parts for only three persons. Of the remaining two, one, as a professional in the bud, surely "Audrey" was the one elocutionist, had studied the lines and particular play which emphasized the recited many of them during several years; the other was a romantic actor who had

won recognition as a leader in that class of work, and an especially illuminating "reader" of difficult parts.

Those who attended the matinée will not need to be told how Eleanor Robson as Constance sustained her share of the work The result was a tour and met the test. of all the principal cities of the United States, and cordial commendation by the critics of the interpretation of Constance.

That "Merely Mary Ann" is, is due to Miss Robson. The star discovered Mary

Ann in "The Grev Wig," dragged her from her surroundings and insisted that her creator, Israel Zangwill, should give her a separate setting in a play. Mr. Zangwill demurred. The memory of "Children of the Ghetto" and "The Moment of Death" had not yet mellowed. But Miss Robson was insistent. She saw the play and she meant to have it. Mr. Zangwill, in a moment of weakness, which was fortunate for himself and for the longsuffering public which patronizes the theater in New York, sat down to argue. That was before he was married, and he knew no better. wrote "Merely Mary Ann."

Of the deftness with which the quaint comedy, the simple pathos -in a word, the de-

when the play has passed its one-hundredth performance. Miss Robson has simply fulfilled the promise which was recognized in her earlier work, the promise which shone bright and clear even in the murky atmosphere of "Audrey."

feel and to express feeling. Added to this, asking for a job on the paper.

training in technique both at home and in the stock company of which she was a member before she came to New York as Bonita in "Arizona." But perhaps as important as either-a serious recognition of her vocation, a recognition involving continuous study and affectionate application. Finally, the inheritance of two generations, the education of a gentlewoman, and a love for literature which has supplemented her sympathy for life in all its phases. ERNEST F. BODDINGTON.

WINNING HIS SPURS.

He had risen from printer's devil in country newspaper office to the local editorship, and, being a hustler, he had a yearn to get away from the woods and sharpen his wits on the gigantic grindstone that whirls in the great city to put an edge on what is hard enough to resist it, or to grind out of existence what is not. In pursuance of this desire, he had written to all the metropolitan city editors, and in each instance had received a reply in the negative. In all probability, he would not have heard even

> thus much had he not enclosed a stamped envelope fully addressed.

To some men

lightful naturalness of the part-are in- that would have been a crusher, but it so terpreted by the woman who discovered its happened that this one wasn't that kind. possibilities, little need be said at the time One day he put on his best clothes and went to the city to see what he could do in person. At three places he was turned down with a dull thud-politely enough, but thudded just the same. Then he sat down to think. He was already feeling the bite of the great grindstone. An hour And the secret of it all? In the first later, he was in another office in the presplace, of course, temperament; an ability to ence of the city editor. But he was not



"I beg your pardon," he said; "my name is Jackson" (which it wasn't), "and I am writing for my home paper, the 'Hustler,' of Hoosierville, Indiana, the center of the literary maelstrom, a series of articles on the great city editors of this country."

The editor blushed and bowed—once upon a time he had written an article for a magazine.

"Anything I can do for you," he said, waving his hand in sign of absolute submission.

"Well," said the young man, with a reportorial rush, "I want to ask a few questions, as I want to make my story natural and lifelike—newspapery, you understand, rather than magaziney. The 'Hustler' is a weekly—one dollar per year in advance—now is the time to subscribe. What is your full name, when and where were you born and what were your parents' names?"

The editor supplied the needed information.

"Thanks," responded the interviewer, making a note with a stub of a lead pencil on a vest-pocket pad. "Married or single, what's your wife's name, got any children, if so how many, boys or girls or both, any twins, if so how many?"

The editor staggered a little, but answered.

"Good enough," and the interviewer made some more notes. "What political party do you belong to, what church if any, what clubs are you a member of, what secret societies, do you own a yacht, automobile, horse or bicycle?"

This time the editor backed away, but filled and came up with his answers.

"I wouldn't 'a' thought it," said the young man, making further notes. "Now, if you will kindly tell me how much salary you get, who is your tailor, do you live in a flat or a house, who is your barber, where do you get your drinks-when you pay for them yourself-what cigars do you smoke other than O P's, do you play golf, poker, tennis, tiddledewinks, are your teeth filled with gold or amalgam, got any ailment or fads, who is your favorite author, what is your favorite breakfastfood, do you bet on the races, if so how often do vou walk home, do vou expect to become a millionaire, got any pull with trust magnates, do you wear a silk hat to church, ever been run down by a street-car or an automobile, ever been arrested, do you believe in reform, if so who ought to get it, who's your choice for president, do you----'

For ages, it seemed to him, the editor was trying to stop the interviewer, but he was not successful until he had made a superhuman effort.

"For heaven's sake, man," he exclaimed at last, "hold up! What in thunder do you mean, anyhow?"

"What do I mean what?" replied the interviewer, gazing innocently and with surprise at the editor.

"Asking me all those questions?" gasped the editor, getting his wind once more.

"Why, my dear sir," explained the visitor, in a hurt tone, "that isn't very



many, is it? I am not half through with you yet. You don't suppose I can get the career of a lifetime in half a dozen questions, do you? Now, if you will just let me go on. Are you—?"

The editor held up his hand warningly, "Have you a permanent job with your Indiana newspaper?" he inquired.

"No, but I shall have when I have landed this series of interviews. They will be corkers and no mistake."

"No doubt of that at all," smiled the editor. "How would you like to have a place on this paper?"

The young man's heart began to beat like a trip-hammer.

"Oh, I don't know," he said, airily. "I come pretty high, you know."

"How would twenty a week strike you, with a raise after sixty days, if you prove your mettle?"

"You couldn't boost those figures to twenty-five, could you? It costs money to keep up with New York, you know," and he had never had more than nine dollars a week in his whole journalistic experience.

"I'll agree to make it twenty-five at the end of sixty days if you are the goods," said the editor.

"When do you want me to begin?"

"Right now."

The new reporter stood up.

"Thanks," he said. "May I go across the street and kill a friend who is waiting for me there?"

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. He said he'd drop dead if I got a job, and I'm going to tell him."

He disappeared, and when he came back smiling, the city editor was torn by conflicting doubts, but he put him to work and he got the "raise" at the end of sixty days.

W. J. LAMPTON.

A Church with A ROOF-GARDEN.

A church that will be as attractive as a theater is the object of the efforts of a Chicago evangelist, the Rev. Charles Reign Scoville. The church is the Metropolitan Church of Christ. During the coming summer, a large roof-garden on top of the structure will be open nightly, part of the time for services and part of the time for concerts. In the main auditorium, indoors, there is a theater stage, with a

many, is it? I am not half through with capacity of one hundred and sixteen you yet. You don't suppose I can get the singers, where concerts also will be given.

The roof-garden is explained to be an attempt to solve the problem of attracting young people to church and of holding the older members during the summer months. Besides a chorus choir and a Sunday-school orchestra, the church has a Metropolitan male chorus, a Metropolitan brass band, and a glee-club, called the Winona, which travels for a lyceum bureau under the direction of the musical director of the church. All these musical bodies will give sacred concerts on the roof-garden on certain nights during the week.

The church roof-garden will be made as attractive as its secular prototype, plants, ferns and palms being used in profusion. Above the garden will be a steel roof, supported by posts, which will be so arranged that the whole can be enclosed by heavy wire screens to protect the audience from insects that the lights might attract.

The church is in a good residence district, on Oakley Boulevard and Van Buren Street, in a quarter of Chicago which is said to have the largest percentage of native Americans in that city. On one side of the church building there are locations for six retail stores, with a wide arcade leading to the side of the auditorium. The church is institutional, and the rent from the stores will be applied to its funds.

In the basement, below the auditorium, there are, besides a kitchen, dining-room, et cetera, a fully equipped gymnasium, which will be open for the use of young men and young women on alternate nights, and a free library and reading-room. The latter two are open to the public, whether members of the church or not.

The Metropolitan Church of Christ in Chicago was organized two years ago, with one hundred and seven charter members. The People's Theater building was leased by it for Sunday services, and when that structure was burnt, in May, 1903, a large tent was purchased, and used throughout the summer. Last fall, the property on which the present church is erected was bought. The cost of the structure has been about one hundred thousand dollars.

The idea of the roof-garden originated with the Rev. Mr. Scoville, but was endorsed unanimously by the church board and trustees.

WALTER WILLIS.

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THE "YELLOW PERIL."

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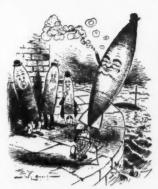
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From the Detroit News-Tribune.



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THE DECIDING FACTOR.
From the Pittsburg Ledger.



BNDING LIKE OTHER "INVESTI-GATIONS." From the Philadelphia Record.



DROPPING THE PILOT (after Tenniel).
The Morgan steamship trust passes
to British stockholders.
From the Minneapolis Tribune.



THE LATEST HISTORICAL APHORISM.
"The Prussian achieves most when hungry."
From Lustige Blätter, of Berlin.



A GOOD CARPENTER BADLY NEEDED. From the Cincinnati Post.



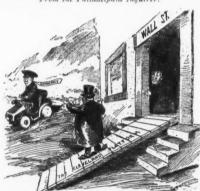
CHARITY BEGINS ABROAD.
From the Denver Daily News.



WORKING OFF HIS OWN SUBSTITUTE.

BRYAN THE BOOM-BOTTLER: "No, miss, we don't keep the Harmony brand any more, and it will not be safe to open any of these others till after Convention time; but here is something of my own concoction which is better."

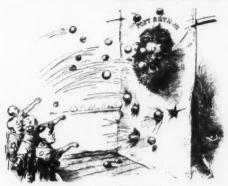
From the Philadelphia Inquirer.



A PLATFORM TO GET IN ON.
From the Commoner, of Lincoln, Nebraska.



LITTLE NICHOLAS REPAINTS HIS PEACE STATUE
AGAINST HIS WILL.
From Der Wahre Jacob, of Stuttgart.



A HIT AT EVERY THROW.

RUSSIA: "They've got too good an aim for this show. I'll have to give up the game."

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.



AN INTERRUPTED FUNERAL. From the Minneapolis Journal.



STIRRING UP A HORNETS' NEST. From the Birmingham (Ala.) Ledger.



RACE OF SOCIAL REFORMERS IN THE GERMAN REICHSTAG.
From Der Wahre Jacob, of Stuttgart.



"I'LL PUT 'EM OFF AT THE NEXT STATION."
From the Philadelphia Record.



BE CAREFUL, TEDDY! From the Brooklyn Daily Eagle.



From the Philadelphia North American.



A BAD PLACE TO NIBBLE.
From the Ohio State Journal.



"LID'S OFF-COME ON, BOYS!" From the New York Word.



From Der Wahre Jacob, of Stuttgart.



BOILING 'EM OUT.
From the Denver Post.



THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL. From the Philadelphia North American.

